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Pro-Slavery.

From the New-York Herald.

THE PRESIDENT AT AFTERNOON SERVICE—DR. SKINNER'S CHURCH.

The President's intention to be present here, at afternoon service, drew together a vast crowd, in addition to the usual congregation, so that this neatly constructed edifice was filled, about half-past three o'clock, with a highly fashionable assemblage. His Excellency, the President, escorted by the Hon. B. F. Butler, entered the church at this hour, and took his seat in front of the pulpit, in the fourth tier; after which a very excellent choir, consisting of male and female singers, chaunted the 151st Psalm, accompanied by the well-toned organ attached to the church.

Dr. Skinner hereupon, in the discharge of his clerical duties, announced that the baptism was to take place of one of the infant children of his congregation, which was duly performed by the Reverend Doctor, who christened the child (and a remarkably beautiful baby it was) Maria Louisa. The little prattler, during the performance of the ceremony, seemed perfectly happy with itself and all around it, as it kept up a continual talk, in apparent good humour, until all was over. The choir hereupon sang the 119th Psalm, when Dr. Skinner delivered the discourse prepared for the occasion, with an impressive solemnity, which seemed to have had much effect upon his congregation, taking his text from the 137th Psalm. In his opening remarks, he dwelt upon the importance attached by the Jewish people to patriotism. It had been said that the religion of Christ, and patriotism, could not be held compatible; but he contended that Christianity and patriotism were reconcileable. After dwelling upon the blinded ignorance of the Jewish nation on putting the Saviour to death, under the delusive belief of the necessity and of their right to do so, the Reverend Doctor went on to explain the true definition of patriotism. It was admitted that philanthropy, and not patriotism, in its ordinary sense, was what the Gospel inculcated, and to make the spirit of Christianity opposed to patriotism, would be unnatural. The religion of Christ was not opposed to patriotism.—Good may come to a country by the exercise of patriotism. But it had been a question, whether Christians or ministers of the Gospel should not stand aloof on political questions, and not vote at elections. There may be occasions when such a course would be prudent—but there may be also occasions when the cause of their country demanded their interference. Should the interests of the nation require it, they were bound to extend their sympathies in behalf of it; and in such a case, if public sentiment were opposed to the interference of clergymen, clergymen should be equally opposed to public sentiment.—Again, patriotism was governed by the Gospel, and they could frankly express their sentiments in relation to the action of their cabinet ministers. But to maintain that non-interference was their duty, he contended, was contrary to the injunctions of the Scriptures. Religion, and the interests of their country, demanded they that should interfere. It was said, too, that Christianity forbade the use of arms and martial courage. This was not so. The Gospel maintained that it was, at all times, lawful to serve our country. After further dwelling on the importance and the necessity of exercising the true and Christian spirit of patriotism, the Reverend Doctor went on to impress upon the congregation the necessity of the daily exercise of prayer for those who are in authority and office, and temporarily preside over the destinies of the country. He next adverted to the question of Slavery, and that, whatever its evils, or its advantages, the communtiy should not be led away by the mere fanatical designs of political enthusiasts on this question. Slavery would eventually give way before enlightenment; it was a question of time, and those who denounced it, and advocated its abrupt termination, seemed to have lost sight of this great question, namely, the present capabilities of the slaves to govern themselves.—The slave should be prepared and qualified for liberation. After cursorily glancing on the question of Slavery as it existed in the Roman Empire, he next referred to Romanism as it existed at present in America, and pronounced its existence dangerous to the institutions of the country. It was supported by Austria, France, and other European nations; and the Catholics had sworn an allegiance to the Pope as their chief head. In relation to Catholic emigration, however, they should encourage it, under the leaves of that great tree that spread its foliage over their beautiful land. In conclusion, after adverting to national education, the Reverend Doctor pronounced a high eulogy on the onward progress of the temperance cause—when the choir again chaunted a hymn in connection with the services, and the congregation, at the conclusion, separated, the President leaving the church, accompanied by Mr. Butler, and a large crowd following him towards his carriage, into which he entered after receiving the congratulations of several who had been present, and drove off towards his temporary place of residence.

From the Express.

THE BACKWARD PROGRESS OF ABOLITION.

Prof. M'Clintock, of Dickinson College, reported to be a man highly esteemed in the Methodist Church, both as a scholar and a Christian, is publishing, in the Christian Advocate and Journal, a series of articles on Slavery. In the course of them, while rebuking the abolition party, as a party, he nevertheless comes to the conclusion that they have done some good by *stirring* the subject.

Men (he says) who, ten years ago, walked softly, as on eggs, when they dared to approach the subject at all, and spoke gingerly about the "domestic institutions" of the South, have now learned to call things by their right names, and to speak out, with refreshing boldness, of the "curse of Slavery."

Now, how has this change been brought to pass? Let the confession come, Messrs. Editors: the Abolitionists have done it. Political events have done their share; but politicians would have remained as they were, but for the stimulus which public opinion received from the Abolitionists. Wrong they doubtless have been in many respects—headstrong, fanatical, abusive, Pharisaical, if you please—but *they have done this thing*. They have stirred up men's minds to contemplate a great truth, no matter what evil passions they may have stirred up beside. Perhaps even this ultraism was necessary to give the impulse, the energy, the almost reckless daring, and the unflagging perseverance, that were essential to so great an enterprise. The evils of the ultraism were many; but they have passed, or are rapidly passing, away; the enthusiasm and the perseverance remain, and may they remain, until the work is done!

Scholars and philosophers, in their closets, may indulge in such reveries, but stern history and facts are all against them.

In 1830-31, Virginia was an *abolition* State.—There was more *abolitionism* preached in the Virginia Legislature, at that time, by her leading men, than has been heard since, in New-York or New England. That State was on the eve of a prospective abolition of Slavery,—when the abolition party of the North and West began to spring into notice, and hushed all such discussion then going on there, in Maryland and Kentucky, and elsewhere in the slave States. But for *abolitionism*, Virginia, Kentucky, and Maryland would have been now free States—all black children being born free, and only the middle-aged and the old held to Slavery.

When abolitionism began its political agitation, it would have been impossible to bring Florida into the Union, as she was brought in, with a Constitution making abolition by statute impossible. Florida was the first of the Southern States that called for such a Constitution, and she did it in resistance and defiance of abolitionism.

Since abolitionism was known as a party, Texas has been brought into the Union, with a Constitution like that of Florida, but with a territory large enough for four or six slave States. Indeed, the Abolitionists aided this annexation by the way they voted.

Before abolitionism was known as a party, it was easy to prohibit Slavery in Territories, as Nathan Dane's ordinance, in 1797, prohibited it in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois,—but now it is impossible to pass the Wilmot Proviso, prohibiting Slavery in territories *to be* annexed *from* a foreign country to this our Union. The South even lays down the principle that it is a concession on her part to agree to prohibit Slavery north of 36-30, and if Mr. Clay had not induced such a compromise on the Missouri question, the South never would think of it again, but would demand that Slavery should exist in Oregon as well as in Texas.

Thus, under the agitation of abolitionism, Slavery has been "progressing" in the United States, and now has the control of the Government, through the United States Senate. Not a treaty can be made without its assent; and when united, it is unconquerable, and controls the action of the Government. Men of the closet, like Prof. M'Clintock, may think otherwise, but a sixty days' residence in Washington would impress upon him the fact. The North never can be united. The number of venal men is so large, that enough of them can always be bought up to give Slavery a majority, whereas the South, from self-interest, must be united on this subject.—For proof of this, see the last vote on the Wilmot Proviso.

There never was a greater mistake made than to fancy that the Anti-Slavery sentiment of this country is greater now than it was before the Abolitionists began their mischievous agitation. The whole country, on the contrary, South as well as North, was Anti-Slavery, when the subject was so ably discussed in Virginia. Then, not a human being defended Slavery in the abstract, not even in South Carolina,—but now there are powerful essays put forth *for* the institution in all parts of the South.—Meanwhile, the disquiet that the Abolitionists have created in the North, have disarmed the Anti-Slavery sentiment here of its moral force. The subject has been in such fanatical hands, that the real Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North is yet dormant, or it only breaks out on the Wilmot Proviso, as it did on the annexation of Texas, which, however, as we have every reason to believe, from past experience, the *spoils* at Washington will at any time control.

California can only be saved from Slavery by the preponderance of free immigration. He who trusts to Congress or the public sentiment of this country, to keep Slavery from the Pacific Ocean, leans upon a broken reed.

From the New-York Globe.

MR. WEBSTER AND THE ABOLITIONISTS.

Mr. Webster has returned from his Southern trip rather hastily, under the plea of ill health; but it is apprehended that his Whig friends and the Wilmot Proviso men were by no means pleased at the civilities and attentions he was receiving at the South from the "enemy," as these wretched fanatics speak of that section of our Union, and the negroes have openly denounced him. We find in the Boston papers an account of the Anti-Slavery meeting at the Marlboro' Chapel, at which a runaway slave, among other things said, that "Daniel Webster was bowing at the foot-stool of slaveholders;" which the friends of Mr. Webster only slightly resented. It is but sheer justice to Mr. Webster not to class him among the rabid Abolitionists of the East, nor in the reforms of modern philosophers to suppose that he was desirous of violating the compromises of the Constitution, yet after all what are the honours and rewards of public life among a certain class of politicians? Here is the man called by his friends the "*Godlike*," certainly a man of talents, but immeasurably extolled by his partisans—a Senator from Massachusetts, having the entire confidence of his party, respected generally for his unquestioned abilities, and yet, among his neighbours and friends, and surrounded as it were by his household Gods, an impudent runaway negro ascends the pulpit of a church in Boston, and publicly denounces Daniel Webster as a traitor to their principles, and yet he is permitted to be heard and to proceed tranquilly. True, it will be said Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and a host of females and Divines mingling in this abolition excitement are but fanatics, unworthy of notice and may be permitted to hold their meetings, but when they and their negro allies openly advocate a separation of the Union, and promulgate this treason without a proper patriotic interference on the part of the people, precept to-day becomes doctrine to-morrow, and the sparks of disunion soon burst into a flame. It is peculiarly discreditable in the East moving in this exciting and uncalled-for subject,—for if the descendants of the men engaged in the African Slave-Trade would appropriate the money they acquired in that trade, it would, at this day, purchase half the slaves of the South, and it would be a more righteous appropriation of ill gotten gains, more honorable than taking the money of the South and then demanding the liberation of the slaves.

Selections.

From the Evangelist.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

The attitude which our country assumes upon the subject of the suppression of the Slave-Trade, is one which is extremely humiliating to every friend of humanity in this land, and the occasion of unfeigned sorrow to every philanthropist throughout the world. England, France, Prussia, Russia, Denmark, Holland, Naples, Portugal, Sardinia, Spain, Sweden, and Brazil, have entered into a Convention for the suppression of the Slave-Trade. There is no respectable Christian Government on earth, which stands aloof from this Convention, but the United States.—This magnificent combination for the suppression of the Slave-Trade on the seas, does infinite honour to all the parties associated in it; and in precisely the same proportion it dishonours the United States, that its Government refuses to participate in so noble an enterprise. By this joint convention, each power agrees, in furtherance of the suppression of the Slave-Trade, to grant to the cruisers of each of the other powers, warrants to search, in certain specified cases, any ships sailing under their several flags, and if slaves be found on board, to send such ships in for adjudication.

The United States refuses to enter into this compact. The practical consequence is, that our own stars and stripes float as the special banner under which the slave-trader can with impunity practice his fiendish business. The United States Government will not even give its consent that the cruisers of the allied nations may search a suspected ship, to ascertain whether it be an American ship or not.—Thus not only does a Baltimore schooner fill its hold, and crowd its deck with slaves, and sail in insulting defiance through a whole fleet of these cruisers, allied to suppress the Slave-Trade; but any Spanish pirate or British felon may load his ship with slaves, and whenever he encounters a cruiser of any of the above mentioned nations, he has but to run up the American flag, strike up Yankee Doodle, give three insulting cheers, and go on his way unimpeded. The ships of every nation are provided, at the expense of about ten shillings each, with the flags of every other nation. And thus the banner of the United States waves, as the special protector of every scoundrel slave-trader on the surface of the globe. This policy of our Government is a black blot upon our fame, and it ought to be speedily effaced. The influence which Slavery has silently obtained over our Government is as amazing as it is disgraceful and wrong. But the days of its power are numbered. There are now ten thousand minds, bold with tongue and pen, to expose these frauds upon the spirit of freedom; and such outrages cannot long endure the light of this fearless exposure.

From the London Inquirer.

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

The first general meeting of the Anti-Slavery League was held in Finsbury Chapel, on Wednesday evening, May 20. Dr. Bowring, M.P. occupied the chair.

The Chairman, on rising, said, he assured them that he had most cheerfully responded to the call that was made upon him to take the chair on this occasion, because it appeared to him that on all occasions whenever we were required to bear our testimony to beneficent and ennobling principles, we should be ready to enter upon their defence and to assist their diffusion—(hear). The object which united them together was one of the most elevating, and, as far as he could understand it, the most exciting—(hear). They were putting in the claims of all their brethren, however humble, however degraded, however oppressed, however insulted, to be regarded as equal with ourselves—(hear),—in the eyes of the common Father, and equally entitled to our interest, our sympathy, and our beneficence—(cheers). It appeared to him that associations of this kind met together to protest against some of the most intolerable of human oppressions—(hear), of the most unbearable of human insults—(cheers). That oppression and insult which saw in the colour of our brethren something which should encourage despots to exercise despotism, Christians to deny the rights of Christianity, freemen to repudiate every element of freedom, and men to exclude millions of their brethren, and to outlaw them from the rights of humanity—(loud cheers). He (Dr. Bowring) could recollect well, not many years ago, being in the company of a man, a descendant of Mahomet, whom so many millions of human beings recognized as a prophet, and the colour of that man's skin was darker than the skin of F. Douglass. He had seen that man surrounded by hundreds and thousands of those who reverenced him, to whom it never occurred that the form of his face or the colour of his skin could in any respect influence their admiration of his character, and he had contrasted that spontaneous reverence from thousands of Mussulmans with what he had seen and heard of in Christian lands, where, because a man was black, he should be repudiated and trampled on, and it occurred to him that professing Christians might learn many Christian lessons from the Mahometans—(cheers). The Chairman then brought forward instances to prove that the blacks were in no way inferior in intellect and capacity to white men, and concluded by saying that he had ventured to make these few remarks, as introductory to the object that had brought them together, and he would now call upon his friend near him to read the Report.

Robert Smith, Esq. Secretary to the Anti-Slavery League, then read an interesting report, which gave a detailed account of the proceedings of the society since its formation in August last. With regard to pecuniary matters, the funds are by no means in a flourishing state, and increased assistance is much required.

Mr. Ebenezer Clarke moved the adoption of the Report. He felt it an honour to live in the times in which we were permitted to live; to do anything for the cause of humanity, and of a falling world, was in itself an honour; but when we considered the degraded state of the slaves, and the machinery by which their amelioration and elevation was to be effected, and that we were permitted to work a part of that machinery, it was a cause at once of honour and of gratitude—(hear).

Dr. Oxley seconded the motion. He had been mixed up in this cause with Clarkson and Wilberforce, in the North of England, and had always been a foe to oppression, both at home and abroad—(cheers). He believed in the sacred Scriptures, and he was told in the Bible that God was no respecter of persons—(hear),—whatever might be their colour, and wherever they might reside; he had made man of every colour, wonderfully and fearfully—(hear). The black man possessed the same number of bones in his anatomical structure as he (Dr. Oxley) did: he was formed the same, and the same good God had made him as perfect a creature as the sun ever shone upon—(cheers). He had often said that he was a Radical, in the strictest sense of the word: it was his heart's desire that everything should be eradicated out of the world that oppressed men, and stood in opposition to their present and eternal happiness—(hear),—and it was his fervent desire that, as far as possible, every man should have everything that he was entitled to, and that God intended him to have—(cheers). The Evangelical Alliance had overlooked three of the most important subjects. The questions of Church and State, Slavery, and Intemperance—(hear). Nothing stood so much in the way of the happiness and comfort of millions as those three things. He thought that they were the greatest curses to humanity tha the devil ever inflicted on the human family—(cheers). He most sincerely wished to banish all three from the face of the earth—(cheers).

Mr. Henry Clapp, in a long and eloquent address, moved—"That the subjection of any portion of the human race to degradation, on account of difference of colour, is unchristian and inhuman, and that the treatment of Frederick Douglass, when on the point of quitting the British shores, deserves, and should receive the reprobation of every friend of freedom and humanity, and especially of every Englishman"—(cheers). He hoped that they would support this resolution by sending a petition to Parliament, calling upon the Government to have nothing to do with the Cunard line of steamers—(loud cheering),—as long as it continued to extend the shield and support of British commerce and British nationality to the institution of Slavery; for now it was the boast of the American people that the British Government, through their official agent, had sanctified and sanctioned the institution of Slavery, by recognizing the prejudice against colour, which was at its basis, and the removal of which was synonymous with the extinction and eternal abolition of that institution—(cheers). If this were done, the American people would send forth their hearty gratitude to this people, and the whole nation would have occasion to rejoice at this new proof of the progress in the great principles of political and religious freedom of this nation; but let the British and American flags wave lovingly over the institution of Slavery, and we should have done more to perpetuate Slavery than any tongue could tell—(cheers).

The Rev. John Burnet seconded the resolution. He said, that in offering himself to the meeting to second this resolution, he had only to say that he fully concurred with their American friend in the view that he took of the strong influence of British opinion upon the mind of America, and it was because he agreed with him as to the weight of British opinion upon the American mind that he supported such societies and such meetings as these—(hear). If we found that we must have commercial dealings with America; if they might be regarded in this respect, although three thousand miles off, our next-door neighbours; if we had constantly to have intercourse with them, then their opinions must tell upon us, and ours upon them—(hear). See how they had told upon the packet that carried the Royal Mail of England—(hear). See how their opinions had told upon the Cunard Company—(hear). See how our opinion had told in many instances upon them; and when we found this intercourse of opinion prevailing, it was our duty to take care what opinions we maintained—(hear). Their opinions had even polluted the Cunard Company; and were we to stand by and suffer that to be done, without sending over our remonstrance, and giving expression to it here? He agreed with their friend as to what he had said with regard to the influence of America; he (Mr. Burnet) had never joined the Evangelical Alliance—(cheers). He could not join anything that seemed to partake of the character of Slavery; he could not join a body that appeared to him to feel it necessary to compromise so much—(hear). To keep in their opinions, in many particulars, that they might let out their affections; his opinions and affections always went together; he never gave one without the other—(cheers). But if any one were to ask him to come within a circle in which there was to be a kind of silence, a sort of truce on a variety of points, he was so ill calculated, by constitutional habit, to be a slave, that he could not join it—(cheers);—but when that same Alliance came out, in connection with the question of Slavery, just as he had suspected they would, with a variety of subjects, compromising and giving way, and yielding, then he had had no hesitation in coming foward publicly, and denouncing that Alliance—(applause);—for he felt that the course which they pursued had materially injured the American slave. When he looked at this resolution, as bringing before them such a man as Frederick Douglass in disgrace, he felt sympathy with him in his degradation—(hear). He (Mr. Burnet) wished that he had been in that vessel. He had what they called the "right colour," and he should have got into the saloon, and he would have made it a very troublesome place—(laughter). He thought that at last they would have freely and unanimously voted the admission of Frederick Douglass—(cheers). If they had not, he (Mr. Burnet) would have found out some way to keep them constantly in a state of shame, just as they kept Frederick Douglass, out of their company—(hear). But when he recollected what he knew Douglass to be, he felt ashamed that any Company connected with England could be guilty of the act that had been committed against that noble man—(hear). We owed it to our nation to clear the Union Jack of England from the soil that had been thrown upon it by the countenance given to American slave principles. Frederick Douglass, at the time that he was in that vessel, was not a slave, and yet he was treated under the influence of slavery feelings and principles. We gloried in the idea, let it be a fact, which it was not, that the man that came under the flag of Victoria was a free man. He took it, that a great offence had been committed against the flag of Victoria in the person of Frederick Douglass; the whole spirit of free legislation in which we professed to glory was insulted by that act. We rejoiced that, in our country, a slave could not live, that he must be a free man as soon as he touched our soil, but our glory was blasted if our flag was to be insulted as it had been in the case in question—(cheers). He called upon them, then, to maintain their opinion, and proclaim it loudly until it should be heard in every State in America, that we would not suffer American feeling to put down the constitutional freedom with which Great Britain regarded every man, whatever might be his colour—(cheers).

Mr. Hickman supported the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. George Thompson rose, amidst great applause, to move,—"That whilst this meeting regards with satisfaction the efforts of kindred societies to diffuse healthy anti-slavery sentiments, based upon an entire repudiation in the right of property in man—and views with pleasure the various indications of progress in France, America, and other countries, towards general emancipation—it deplores the fact that, some Christian communities in this country should persevere in the maintenance of friendly relations with notoriously pro-slavery churches in the United States; and hereby calls upon such communities, for the sake of the slave, and the honour of Christianity, immediately to dissolve the unholy relationship"—(cheers). The fact to which the resolution particulary drew their attention was, that there were Christian bodies in Great Britain who were maintaining, at this moment, a friendly relationship with the United States of America, and the pro-slavery churches there.—Now, was this a fact or not. He lamented to know than it was a fact. He had hoped that, in the year 1847, no such fact could be recorded in regard to any Christian Church in this country. A few years ago it could not have been thus recorded. Until the unfortunate alliance between the Free Church of Scotland and the Presbyterian and other communities of the United States, the Christian sects of this country were one and all openly opposed to anything like communion and fellowship with the slaveholding churches of the United States. It had been his lot to be frequently in collision with the Free Church of Scotland, as well as with certain other denominations of Christians, on this point. He esteemed it a misfortune. It had been his misfortune to lose many friends, and dissolve many acquaintances and kindly relationships with individuals, in this country and in Scotland, in consequence of the course he had adopted. But, he saw no cause to regret having adopted that course; but, on the contrary, he had fresh evidence every day of its being his duty, and the duty of every man, as far as in him lay, to bring about a complete severance between the churches in this country, and the churches in America that tolerated and sanctioned Slavery—(cheers). Now, the Free Church of Scotland still continued to keep up their connection with the slaveholding churches of America; and as the General Assembly of that Church was to meet in the course of this month, and as there was within that Church an Anti-Slavery Society, formed for the purpose of operating upon the opinion and votes of that reverend assembly, it was important that, in the metropolis of England, a voice should go forth of encouragement to them, and, if necessary, of rebuke and condemnation to those with whom they were waging this holy warfare—(cheers)—and he hoped that this resolution would pass unanimously. If it passed, it would pass with no hostility to the Free Church of Scotland. He rejoiced in its success; but he thought that, in proportion to the greatness and well-earned glory of that Church, was the injury done by its fellowship with the pro-slavery churches of America. We wished them to "send back the money"—(cheers)—virtually to send it back; to express their regret that they had strengthened the hands of the slaveholders in America, and injured the cause of emancipation there by what they had done—(cheers). The feeling of Scotland generally was sound on this question. But a few of the dignitaries of the Free Church had committed a great mistake, which he believed they were fully conscious of now; but such was the overwhelming influence of their names and characters on the General Assembly of the Free Church, that they had not yet been got to retrace their steps—(hear). Coming nearer home, they had had to wage war with the Evangelical Alliance—(cheers). He could not regret that they had done so. Perhaps, but for the course adopted by that great body, this League would never have been in existence. It was originated because they had not seen the amount of activity in another quarter which they thought desirable at such a time, to influence the minds of those who were members of that Evangelical Alliance—(hear)—and they therefore thought it right to come together and form themselves into an Anti-Slavery League, in order to propagate the great principles of universal freedom, and entire separation from those who recognized property in men—(cheers). They had laboured to the best of their abilities, and in their movements they were aided by the public press to a large extent—(cheers). He must especially acknowledge their obligation to the religious press of this city—to the *Patriot*, the *Inquirer*, and the *Nonconformist*—(cheers). The debt of gratitude to these papers was very heavy; for while they (the League) were talking to thousands, the press, by the publication of their speeches in their columns, were speaking to tens and hundreds of thousands. And he (Mr. Thompson) did not hesitate to say, (and there was not a minister who would controvert what he said,) that the resolution at Manchester was demanded by the unequivocal expression of opinion given by the various religious denominations of this country—(cheers). After some further remarks on the resolutions lately passed by the American branch of the Alliance, which he vehemently denounced, Mr. Thompson concluded by urging the adoption of the resolution, and expressing a hope that the Anti-Slavery League would continue to live as long as Slavery should live—(cheers.)

Mr. Thomas Sheppard seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

John Joseph, a fugitive slave, then addressed the meeting; after which,

Mr. W. Farmer moved, and Mr. Fuller seconded, a vote of thanks to George Thompson, Esq. President of the Anti-Slavery League, for the services he had rendered to the cause.

Mr. Thompson briefly acknowledged the compliment.

Mr. R. Smith moved a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman, for presiding.

George Thompson, in seconding the motion, said that no words of commendation were necessary in speaking of Dr. Bowring—(hear). In every good work, he abounded in labour; and he was not connected with this cause alone, but with every other good cause. His fame was not an English fame, or a European fame, but a world-wide fame, as one of the noblest and staunchest friends of the cause of universal freedom—(applause).

The Chairman responded to the vote, and the meeting dispersed shortly before ten o'clock.

From the Indiana Freeman.

WELL-BORN.—The following scrap of biography is from the State Journal. Mr. McIntosh, the subject of the notice, is a young man of fine talents, is a good and fluent speaker, and in all respects as worthily represents the great Head of the Church as any of his reverend brethren in the town. The excellence of his character, the propriety of his deportment, and his zealous efforts to do good, do him more honour than could the noblest ancestry:

"*Noble Descent.*—It may not be known to our citizens, but there is living in our midst a coloured man who is nephew of Sir James McIntosh, the great philosophical historian, whose untimely death was so universally regretted by the whole literary world a few years ago. The individual we refer to is the preacher stationed over the African church in this city by the Coloured Conference. His father, brother to Sir James McIntosh, came over to this country from Great Britain in company with Volney, and settled at the Grand Rapids, in this State, 25 miles below Vincennes. The Rev. Mr. McIntosh of this city, received a fine education from his father, and although in preaching he oftentimes enters with great warmth into his subject, he handles it like a master, and at times is eloquent. The Scotch can plainly be seen predominating over the African in his features, and it clearly developes itself in his strong thought and close reasoning. In addition to his clerical services, Mr. McIntosh also teaches a flourishing coloured school at the African church. J. B. Dillon, our Librarian, has several letters of the father of Rev. Mr. McIntosh."

From the Journal of Commerce.

HAYTI.

We have files of Port-au-Prince journals to the 6th instant. Under the administration of President Soulouque the country continues to prosper. His patriotic Government is engaged in prosecuting those ameliorations and reforms which are alike the offspring and the firmest safeguard of peace and public order. Most prominent in these ameliorations is the education of the people. The greatest activity has prevailed in this branch of the public service since early in the administration of President Riché. Happily the people appreciate this beneficent action, and eagerly avail themselves of the facilities afforded them for their instruction.

All the schools of whatever degree are crowded with zealous youth. The number of primary schools is constantly increasing, and as fast as established they are filled with the children of the people.—The Chamber of Representatives was engaged, at last accounts, in perfecting a system of public instruction, more complete than the country had ever before enjoyed.

In the midst of the general contentment and satisfaction which prevail, there are yet, however, ambitious spirits who, to promote their own selfish ends, would again involve their country in all the horrors of a civil war; and we have an instance of this in the recent attempt of certain officers of the army to separate the North from the rest of the Republic, and erect it into an independent State.

But these attempts in their results serve only to demonstrate the vigilance and energy of the Government, and the zeal with which it is everywhere seconded by the cordial good will of the people, the devotion of the troops, and the intelligence and promptness of its own executive agents. Six officers were arraigned before a Council of War for the crime above mentioned, and three of them, Santy, Lieut. of Artillery, and Sanon and Jacques Coquiere, superior officers on furlough, were condemned and publicly executed, in presence of the garrison and people of St. Marc, on the 29th ult.

The Government of Hayti prohibited the exportation of grain and provisions from that country after the 1st instant.

The General of Division, Joseph Balthazer Inginac, ex-Secretary General, died at Port-au-Prince on the 9th ult.

From the Journal of Commerce.

SLAVERY IN TURKEY.

We subjoin the first of two very valuable letters which have reached us from a correspondent at Constantinople. It has been some time on hand, (owing to the pressure upon our columns from other sources,) but from the nature of the subject, has lost little or none of its interest by the delay. Whoever begins it will read it through. The writer's powerful pen earned him a high reputation as a correspondent of one of the leading journals of London.

[Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.]

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 20, 1847.

Attention has been recently directed to this subject by the announcemeet in several English journals, that Lord Palmerston has called upon the Porte to consider what measures it may be proper to adopt, with a view to the entire abolition of the slave system as it exists in Turkey. The fact that some doubts have been thrown on the truth of these announcements by the *Journal de Constantinople*, only tends to confirm the readers of that print in the conviction that there should be no doubt about it at all: for if the statement could have been positively denied by the editor, who is the mere creature of the Grand Vizier, and in the pay of the Ottoman Government, it would have been so denied. Besides, it is well known that Lord Palmerston, when formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs, made a like application to the Turkish cabinet, which he was induced by Lord Ponsonby, the British Ambassador at the Porte, not, at the time, to insist farther upon. It is pretty clear, therefore, that he is in earnest on the subject, and that it is, consequently, one which must shortly provoke much discussion. It will assuredly be taken up and treated of at large in the monthly and quarterly periodicals of England. In the meantime, a few brief hints on the subject may be opportune. I pretend not to send you more: indeed, for more you would not be able to afford me space.

There seems to be an opinion getting abroad, which has been most assiduously circulated, and has imposed upon many, that Slavery in the East is so entirely the reverse of Slavery in the West, that the two systems should be regarded respectively with entirely opposite feelings. But though different in several respects from each other, the systems are not the reverse of each other. The false conclusion, therefore, which it has been sought to juggle out of a false assumption, cannot stand. Nothing can be the reverse of Slavery, but Freedom. Differences there are, however, very broad—in strange contrast with each other—betwixt the condition of Slavery in the two hemispheres.

In the first place, the traffic in slaves by *new importations* is, in the West, by law abolished, and regarded as a high crime; whereas, in the East, this traffic, this hunting and catching, carrying off into foreign lands, and buying and selling of human beings, exists, is legal, and is in every way encouraged. The other distinctions are, on a superficial glance, more favourable to the Oriental practice. I will mention a few of them. Slaves in the East, especially in the Ottoman empire, to which Egypt can be hardly said to belong, are not driven afield, in herds, to cultivate rice, cotton, or the sugar plant, but are eunuchs, servants, wives and mistresses; and these, even of the lowest grade, are said, and I believe truly, to be treated with great kindness and tenderness, though not with more, probably, than the planters of the West exercise toward their slaves. But the great distinction of all is this: Slaves in Turkey are manumitted after seven year's servitude, and become in great numbers, the chief men of the empire. They may be said to form, as it were, the aristocracy of the country. The mothers and wives of the Sultan are invariably slaves, and the mothers and wives of the Turkish Grandees almost invariably so. Thus the female aristocracy of the vast Ottoman dominions is totally composed of slaves; and of the males, not to speak of eunuchs, who have often ruled supreme at the Porte, several of the most potent Pachas of Turkey have been of slave origin. Two of the brothers-in-law of the present Sultan were bought, in their youth, in a slave-market; and it may be affirmed without exaggeration, that the condition of Slavery is, among the Turks, the surest path to greatness. Certainly, nothing can be more unlike the Slavery of the West than this. Throughout the Ottoman territory, the slave system is surrounded with every circumstance of easy enjoyment, of splendid luxury and power. Whereas, under its best aspect in the West, it presents the revolting spectacle of human beings transformed into herds of cattle, and condemned perpetually to forced labour. But what, then? Does this render it so greatly a less evil thing than Western Slavery, that foreign nations would not be justified in adopting the same policy of repression towards it which they have so successfully adopted towards the other system? Let us see.

The prominent and most evil effect of Western Slavery consists in the shocking degradation of those who are subject to it. In these unhappy creatures, men who live among them are hardly willing or able to recognize their own species: however tenderly they may be treated, the contempt with which they are regarded as *property*, having a certain pecuniary value, proclaims them to be beings *just beneath*, rather than *of* the human family. I state the case more strongly perhaps than many examples would justify, as my argument will gain in fairness by the probable exaggeration. But in the East, this effect does not follow Slavery. Here, it never *degrades*; it usually, with reference to social station, *elevates*. Wherein, then, is the evil? It *corrupts*. As degradation has set its ineffaceable mark on Western Slavery, so corruption has set its ineffaceable mark on Eastern Slavery; and the *excess* of each to a dominant degree over all other qualities, marks either. But of these two, corruption, though it has the most fair and attractive outside, is by far the worst; for degradation does not mount, but corruption *does* descend. The germ of corruption in Eastern Slavery is herein; viz: it produces a devotion to persons, instead of to principles; and that of the most selfish, ambitious, and unscrupulous kind. The Western slave serves his master through fear, or through attachment. He can never be in any greatly better position; therefore his ambition, if he has any, is of very harmless sort, and his moral qualities have a degree of fair play. But the Eastern slave regards his proprietor as his patron, by whom he is to rise, perhaps, to the highest dignities. To the abject obedience of a slave, he consequently adds all the arts of an aspiring sycophant. He accomplishes himself in all sorts of cleverness, becomes an adept in the most complicated intrigues in his patron's service, and gets a character of perhaps the most admirably intricate deceit of which human nature is capable. Besides, this devotion to persons must necessarily and completely subvert the power of principles; and it does this so effectually, that it is of all things the most difficult to convince a Turk, or indeed any Eastern man, that there can be any virtue in any principle whatever. Slavery, then, which leads to honour and power, must be pronounced much more baneful than Slavery which never rises above degradation. In Turkey it infects, from the high places in which it exists among women, and to which it conducts men, the entire population of that whole empire. But this cannot be said of Slavery with respect to any other nation, ancient or modern, where it has been confined to a degraded class. The Turk who has never been a slave, can in no way be discriminated from one who has been one. The free man and the slave in Turkey rise by the same acts of devotion to persons; and even of those who have mounted to the highest posts by prostituting themselves as the instruments and the objects of the most abominable vices of their patrons, there are as many of free as of slave origin. Then consider the power of domestic education—and that education in the lap of Slavery!—and decide which of the two species of Slavery in question is the most inimical to the morals, to the welfare, and to the progress of society and of mankind.

But there is another consideration springing out of this subject, that has so paramount an importance that it may be said to show fully the meaning and the result of the whole slave system, as it now exists in this country. The word "*Harem*" expresses powerfully all I mean. The Harem life of the Turk is entirely dependent on Slavery. The wives therein caged, are, for the most part, slaves, and all the domestics are so without exception, whether eunuchs or females. No free man, except the master, dare approach this sanctuary, within which the Turk leads a life peculiar to himself. He is separated thereby most effectually, from all civilizing and all Christian influences. He lives within a circle that acts as a spell upon his whole existence. In his commerce with Christians and Europeans, he shuts himself up in an external character, whilst his real, his internal character expands only in the *Harem*, or in converse with his own creedsmen. Imagine what a different being one subject to this secret and mysterious domesticity must be, from one who lives, as it were, an open life before all the world. The Turkish women especially, must be, in all their thoughts and feelings, totally unlike Christian females. The society of men is to them an utter abomination. Of mankind they know only their husbands, better called their masters. And then reflect what a paramount effect this condition of wives and mothers must have upon all male Turks. If positive, the influence must be immense; or if the Mahommedan woman be regarded morally, as a mere nullity, this entire absence of female influence must have negative consequences the most *inhumanizing*—abridging humanity of all its choicest virtues. Any common brotherhood of sentiment, any sympathy, any other feeling than that of radical antipathy, however mild an aspect it may under particular circumstances wear, cannot possibly exist between a nation living under this exclusive shutting-up and shutting-out system, and a people or nation who, by the very fact of being exempt from it, have so many reciprocal relations with each other, that they may be said, in the comparison, to form but one great family of men.

The Mahommedan creed in itself would not produce that separation of Moslems, and emphatically of Turks, from the rest of mankind, that the "*Harem*" so effectually does. There is hardly more difference of creed between Mahommedan and Calvinist, than there is between a Unitarian and a Calvinist; and it is probable the majority of Protestants, were the great wall or partition between them and the Mussulman thrown down, would regard the followers of Mahomet as much more apt to receive the Gospel, than are some Christian communities who have implicated Christianity with what Protestants deem the deadliest falsities and delusions.

We see, then, how deep and wide the effect of Slavery in Turkey is. With its abolition, the Harem would fall. Its shining outer wall would at once come down. Free women, and in lieu of eunuchs free men, would then have ingress and egress in and out of these domestic cloisters. The secret and concealed wife of the Turk would no longer be impervious to the common air and common light of day; the seal of hermetic closeness, which Slavery forms, being once broken, Turkish households would become speedily assimilated to those of the Christian world, and a revolution would be accomplished that would at once unturk the Turk, and almost Christianize him at the same time.

This subject now leads into still deeper water. The nations of Europe are making a combined effort, in which England at least is thoroughly in earnest, not merely to prop up the Ottoman empire, but so to invigorate it that it may be again as powerful as it has been heretofore; and so take its place among States as to preserve the present balance of the political world. Whether the object can be obtained or not, I shall not stop here to

Western world,—which, by awakening mind, was the original cause of the reformation, and in which was the germ of all modern civilization,—moved not, for the reason just intimated, those in whom it originated. The Turks had fully established their power over the Lower Empire, and that power was an extinguisher on all light. After an absolute dominion of five hundred years over a vast territory, the most favoured perhaps of the whole earth, in its natural resources, these Tartar rulers have reduced the greater part of it nearly to the condition of a waste and a solitude. At the present hour there is not a good road in the empire,—only certain tracks, many of which are nearly worn out, that have been, from time to time, made for military purposes; there is not a bridge in repair; the means of communication between the large inland cities is most difficult, and generally perilous. The transport of articles of commerce would in most instances cost more than the articles are worth, which makes commerce in many districts unprofitable; and even where it is carried on, the Porte makes the people thoroughly understand that the sole proprietorship of the Sultan over the whole property of the empire is by no means a pure fiction. As for schools there is not one that deserves the name throughout the whole land; and in a country rich above all others in the spoils of time, containing buried cities of the remotest antiquity, and the finest ruins and monuments of ancient art, these worse than barbarians have never made a single discovery,—have never instituted a single inquiry. They are alike indifferent to poetry, painting, music, art, literature, history, philosophy, and science; or I should rather say, they are not indifferent to these things, but hate them all alike, with an equal and perfect hatred. The Past is to them a blank,—their Future is expressed in the word Fatality,—and their Present naturally must be, as it is, devoted to sensuality.

Yet such as they are, the Turks are naturally less degraded and debased than the Christians they have so long trodden under their feet; and if the principles of progress could be engrafted on their nature, there would be as much to be hoped from them as from any rayah community of Turkey,—perhaps more. Indeed, there is no nation of the Ottoman Empire, (for its various peoples are called nations,) to whom its governing power could be, with any prospect of advantage, transferred. When Greece was formed into an independent kingdom, by the intervention of the great States of Europe, it was in the anticipation that she might form a new base of Eastern Empire, on the downfall of Turkey. But the Greeks have since shown this anticipation can never be realized. All their fine qualities and their bright intelligence are enslaved to the superstitions of the most superstitious Church in the world, and they are, besides, completely in the clutches of Russia and of France, who are rivals for the establishment of a foreign ascendancy over their country. In brief, the moral element everywhere fails in the East, so that there is no alternative between partitioning the dominions of the Sultan, and upholding the Ottoman Government.

But only on one consideration can Turkey be sincerely, by the Western powers, sustained in her weakness, and endowed with new strength; it is, that she adopt frankly and earnestly principles of reform and progress, that, by popular institutions, by calling the energies of her subject population, both Moslem and Christian, into full play, she repudiate the past, and open to herself an entirely new career of civilization derived from the West. This condition apart, to establish the Ottoman power would be to deliver up the vast regions of the East over which it extends, again to centuries of oppression, to be plundered and trampled down, to be the prey of Pachas and Tartar soldiers, to be wild, barbarous, and depopulated, and to be like the garden of the sluggard, to say the least, abounding in noxious weeds and poisonous herbs, in proportion to the richness and aptness of the soil to produce the noblest plants and fruits.

But the Turks evidently wish to shirk this condition. They would be strong again by the aid of Europe, but reformed they would not be. They do not appreciate the vantage ground they would possess in a work of reform, by being the governing class from which all reforms might emanate, which would give them a start by which they might retain their present position. They believe that popular reforms would destroy Islamism itself. And whilst, consequently, they remain an exclusive people, nothing can make them earnest reformers. Once break down the wall of exclusiveness, and the case would be just the reverse. They would then be forced into a policy of progress from which they now recoil. They would then be in the throng, and fully understanding the value of being at the head of it, they would strive to maintain their masterdom, by taking the lead in all onward movement—not by impeding it.

The exclusiveness, however, the entire separation of the Turks from the Christian populations under their Government, can only cease with the fall of their Harem system of home life, and this consummation can only be brought about by the abolition of Slavery, which would, I opine, bring it about gradually, but rapidly. Or if not; if this object should be deemed utterly unattainable; all that one can say is, that it would be a preposterous sin against the knowledge derived from experience, against society, against humanity itself, to set up afresh the mighty power of Islamism in its impregnable tower of exclusiveness, to domineer from this height over Christianity, and to arrest all human advancement for ages since to come. Those, then, who really desire that the Ottoman Empire should continue to be, and that it should recover an independent strength consistent with that diffusion of civilization which the East is becoming prepared to receive, must look to the abrogation of Slavery in Turkey as the *sine qua non* of the accomplishment of their liberal and disinterested hopes.

Lord Palmerston has proved himself a great Statesman, having long views into the future, by urging this great measure, the essentially fundamental one of all reforms in the East, on the Porte; and it is to be hoped he will urge and re-urge it, again and again, till it shall command such attention as will insure its eventual adoption, and its effectual execution, at no very distant day.

Indeed, the note of Lord Palmerston on this subject to the Ottoman cabinet, has already produced its first great effect. On the very date of this letter, the slave market of Constantinople was abolished by the Sultan, by an edict which he delivered in person a few days before, accompanied by his Ministers and chief officers of State in military procession, that the act might have all the emphasis and solemnity that is suited to its immense importance.

Yet from this fact it must not be inferred that the Slave-Trade and slavery in Turkey, will receive any immediate check. On the contrary, its only ugly feature in the common opinion being now effaced, it is probable the traffic may be carried on with more activity than ever, as it will hardly at all at present provoke public censure, which attaches itself generally to what shocks outwardly, rather than to what is inwardly pernicious. However, a first blow is struck at the system: a first acknowledgment is made by the Turks themselves of its iniquity, and one has some right now to be sanguine in the hope that perseverance will effect, at no very distant date, its utter abrogation.

ABOLITION MOVEMENT IN VIRGINIA.

The following are the remarks of the Charleston Mercury on the recent movement at the Tredegar Iron Works in Virginia, to which we referred in last week's paper. Time will prove, if manufactories are established to any extent at the South, that the testimony here given to the possible skill and industry of the blacks, is well-deserved, and that they will prove it to be so by an "Abolition movement" of which the short-sighted Mercury does not dream. Anything that raises the character, or adds to the intelligence of the slave, is a step towards emancipation, and we therefore hear gladly of any attempt to introduce, at the South, new forms of industry:

By the Richmond papers we perceive that the workmen at the Tredegar Iron Works have "struck," that is, refused to perform their accustomed service. The proprietor, Mr. Anderson, supposed this movement was to extort higher wages, and solicitous of justifying his course, published the rates paid, which proved to be considerably higher than those allowed for similar services in Northern establishments. The workmen, in their response, stated that their objections were not to the wages, but to associating with the coloured workmen in the same establishment, and unless these were discharged, they would no longer work for him. Our Northern Abolitionists, with all their hypocritical sympathy for the blacks, justify this "strike," and deal out their accustomed denunciations of Southern institutions, demonstrating that it is not love for the slave, but hatred of the slaveholder, which actuates them. Mr. Anderson, with a decision and firmness which merits the support and the thanks of the South, has refused to compromise his right to employ that kind of labour which he deem most conducive to his interest; and as the whites refuse to divide, has resolved to patronize hereafter the black race exclusively, who have to be fed and clothed as well as other portions of the human family. He is now rapidly filling up the vacant places at his furnaces and foundery with the sable sons of Africa, the colour of whose skins will suffer no detriment by coming in contact with coal and iron, and both of which they can prepare and manufacture profitably without legislative *protection*. Mr. Anderson's experiment has been most successful, and he has been agreeably surprised at the skill and alacrity with which the negroes have taken hold of what has been considered hitherto the mysteries of the trade, as if it was their peculiar province to deal with such dark articles. We are highly gratified at the triumphant success of Mr. Anderson, and consider it of the greatest importance to the South, as demonstrating that there are other sources of revenue, and means of subsistence, for our blacks, besides cotton, rice, tobacco, and sugar. Virginia, the "Old Dominion," awaking to her true interests, is destined to become a great manufacturing State. Her mineral resources, and her immense water power, are strong inducements to develop her capacities in that direction. As her agricultural productions become less remunerating, she is fortunate in having such profitable materials for the employment of her capital and labour. A mistaken idea has prevailed, that our black population is not adapted to manufacturing purposes; and the South was thoughtlessly falling into a false policy. As we became manufacturing, white operatives were imported, superceding our negro workmen, composing a large portion of our population, all of which had to be provided for. The inevitable effect of this course was to expel the black race, and to force their masters to emigrate, or reluctantly to sell them. We rejoice, therefore, at the late strike in Richmond. It will awaken the South to the contemplation of a grave question, pregnant with the most momentous consequences, and on which the prosperity and welfare of our people may greatly depend. The blacks are a most important part of our population. They compose the entire labouring class. They are human beings, and, with other members of the family, must be fed and clothed. They merit the guardian care of the Southern community. They are capable of performing all the functions to which labour can be profitably directed; and as the sources of profit from labour change, it is the policy of the country where they reside, not to expel them, but reserve the new vocations for them. The coal and iron business seems to be peculiarly adapted to them; and as Mr. Anderson's experiment, thus far, has resulted so encouragingly, we hope that the entire South will unite in countenancing the policy in which he has taken the lead; and effectually dispel the mistaken notions that our blacks may not be as profitably employed in all the channels of mining and manufacturing as in those of agriculture. We shall thus open new channels of profitable employment for our *peculiar, contented*, and *most efficient* class of labourers.

JOHN McDONOUGH'S LETTERS.

The readers of the Standard have not forgotten the remarkable and instructive experiments of John McDonough with his slaves. The following article relating to them, is from the (St. Louis) Colonization Advocate. We assure the Advocate that we will publish all new information upon the subject that it will give us, that the Northern people may see what sort of people are expatriated at the South, and what means are resorted to by those who are called humane men to affect that expatriation:

We have been repeatedly solicited to republish the celebrated letter of this remarkable man—published in the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin in the summer of 1842—detailing that splendid scheme of practical patriotism and philanthropy, by which he educated and prepared for freedom and colonized in Liberia upwards of eighty slaves.

We have delayed doing so until we could obtain authentic information in regard to the condition and prospects of those people in Liberia; desiring, if practicable, to obtain from Mr. Donough himself, another letter, giving his views on this branch of the subject.

In an interview had with him in New Orleans, in April last, he very kindly offered to furnish us for publication, such a letter. In the mean time, in the most obliging manner, he gave us several letters addressed to him by his former servants, now free citizens of Liberia. These letters breathe a spirit of gratitude to their benefactor, "for having treated them as a kind father instead of a harsh master;" and they also express themselves as entirely satisfied with their new home, and pleased with their situation and prospects.

Mr. McDonough is preparing another company of about the same number, for emigration to Liberia.

We had the pleasure of attending Divine service with these people at the private Chapel of Mr. McDonough. We were accompanied by Mr. A. Hennen, Esq. of New Orleans, and the Rev. Mr. Sawtell of New-York. The service was conducted in an intelligent and edifying manner, by one of Mr. McDonough's servants.

The persevering diligence, ardent zeal, and encouraging success with which this gentleman is, and has been for twenty years past, devoting himself to the spiritual improvement of his servants, deserves to be held up to the admiration of all our countrymen, and the imitation of those who have it in their power to do so.

We intend to enrich the columns of our next number, with the letters above referred to, and to give some further information obtained from conversation with Mr. McDonough concerning this noble and successful experiment.

This information should be in every household in America, and especially in the Southern portion of it.—We would be pleased to receive orders for *extra numbers* of the next paper before it goes to press. We would fill such orders and forward them by mail or otherwise, as directed, at two dollars a hundred. Indeed, such is our estimation of its value, that, had we the pecuniary ability, we would send it at our own expense to every minister of the Gospel, Legislator, Judicial officer, and planter in our country.

We received a letter a few days since, from one of the officers of the Mississippi Colonization Society, and one of the earliest and ablest friends of the cause in that State, containing the following just and manly sentiments on this subject, viz: "What an efficient friend to coloured men, is John McDonough! Will not others who can, follow an example, that combines so much of personal interest,—quiet in the operation, and humanity in the result?

Few, I know, have the talents or advantages of independence and position which he possesses. But there are some everywhere, who by judicious management, might with advantage to themselves, send more or fewer well qualified colonists to Liberia, at periods by no means few or far between. Would that such were the case! How, then, would that interesting colony extend itself far along the Western Coast of Africa, a *cordon sanitaire*, shutting out the man-stealer and the rumseller, those pestiferous exhibitions of the *Christian* character, which must render the Christian name odious even to barbarians."

We trust that these letters will be carefully and extensively read, and seriously pondered, and efficiently acted on.

From the Boston Courier.

AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

A lecture was given at the Old South Church, on the 13th instant, by Dr. Humphrey, who pretended to have a great degree of philanthropy for the welfare of the coloured race. This lecture, as has been the case with all other preceding ones on the subject of Colonization, was full of those sickly statistics relative to the condition of that class, growing out of the *extraordinary* regard for their well-being that Colonizationists are celebrated for evincing.

This society has been in existence nearly thirty years, during which time a considerable amount of money has been expended—eulogies and declamations and discussions and individual efforts have been made, and have effected all in their power to keep it in a healthy condition. But where is the amount of good it has accomplished?—what benefit has it extended to that portion of the citizens of this country, whose present and future welfare it is so much interested in? It will be long ere there will be perceived any evidences of success. It cannot be shown that any benefit has arisen from all that has been done. Why is this "*great, philanthropic*" scheme unsuccessful? The whole Alpha and Omega of African Colonization is based on the most selfish feelings, on the part of its supporters, against the free coloured population of this country. They do not consider it humane to advocate a plan to expel them by the sword or at the point of the bayonet; therefore, as a substitute, a place of banishment has been found in Africa, suitable for the purpose. In order that the better portion of the community may be gulled into their plans for exterminating this unpopular class from the face of the earth, they have the audacity to pretend that their efforts are from the purest motives, and have been urged into action from a feeling of piety in relation to their miserable condition. How much more philanthropic it would be for Dr. Humphrey, or any other individual who wishes to better the condition of the coloured man, instead of mocking him, to extend a little of that regard *here*, where he was born—in his own mother-country! A large field is open. Here is work that it will take *years* to perform. *Four millions* of souls in this country, according to the testimony of Dr. Humphrey, are miserably degraded, are hungering and thirsting for that philanthropy that is thrown away upon the burning shores of Africa. What makes colonization the more absurd, is the fact that a great majority of that class who are called to go to Africa can boast of *Saxon blood*, as well as those "*good philanthropists*" (?) who would be happy to send them to the land of "*their fathers*." This is a new item in the history of the world: how long is it since the Saxons emigrated from Africa!

Dr. Humphrey asks, "What must be done with the blacks in our country? Can a colony be formed in some of the States or Territories of our Union?" "The history of the Indians (says he) shows that such a consummation can never take place between the oceans. A black man never ought to have been brought to this country, for God intended to keep the races separate, in giving the blacks Africa for their homes, and it is the duty of good men, as they have been torn from their country, to send them back again."

"What must be done with the blacks?" This is a question that never should be asked in a New England audience—for it is pretty generally understood at this late day, that the lords of our great country have given a general invitation to people of *all* countries to come to her shores and enjoy the blessings of a *free Republican* Government. This, then, is a more curious interrogation, when we couple with this circumstance the fact that the *people* whom Dr. Humphrey appears to be so much worried about, are American-born citizens, descendants, many of them, of the "*Puritan Fathers*," who sought an asylum in America from British tyranny—many of them, too, the descendants of the *true* American—he who, three centuries since, could exclaim without fear of molestation, "I am monarch of all I survey;" many, no doubt, springing from the same stock as the doctor himself. I will admit that Africans have been brought to this country as well as Europeans and Asiatics; but who can help that now, since the different nations have amalgamated to the extent that they have *in* this country. The whole continent of America is inhabited by a mixed multitude, the descendants of all nations upon the surface of the earth. In the United States we find the representatives of the four quarters of the globe! A great mixed multitude; the descendants of no particular country!—a motley mass, claiming kindred in every habitable spot in the universe, whose "COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—WHOSE COUNTRYMEN IS ALL MANKIND!"

In the faces of the majority of our population, we may easily perceive the answer to the interrogatory, "Why do n't the blacks thrive among us?—Why is it there is a spell upon this unfortunate class?—Why do n't we see as many now as we have seen in days past?" Many an individual, who is so inquisitive in relation to circumstances affecting the coloured people, and who feels such an anxiety to rid the country of people whose faces are not as white as his own, could he trace *his* genealogy, will discover that Africa was the country of some of his progenitors. The coloured people *do* thrive as well as their neighbours. They have undergone a change of complexion. Their colour has been lost in the whites, in the same degree as that of the whites would have been in a country where the blacks were the most numerous. And generations will show, if there are no more importations from Africa or Asia, what has been done with this class of people. The same may be said of the Indian. Look around in our great cities and our country villages, and there you will find the red man, *still* the possessor of the soil. Many an individual who harbours a hatred against the red man, and in whose breast dwells a burning of revenge against whom he calls the wandering savage, could he look back into the past, will discover that not only *he*, but many of his neighbours, are the children or grandchildren of the red man. The Indians and Africans do not retain their colour or their habits but a short time among the Anglo-Saxons. The different colours have been lost in the whites;—and Dr. Humphrey (who could n't find but "three little negro girls, Election Day,") or anybody else, will not be compelled to go so far as Boston Common to find those who once wore black faces.

The doctor prefaced his lecture with a very excellent text—the golden rule—which was very inappropriate for the occasion, as that injunction teaches *love* instead of *hatred—justice* instead of *wrong*. To "do as ye would that others should do to you," does not mean to oppress the poor, to destroy the happiness of the weak and the defenceless, to rivet stronger the chains of the bondman; but the promotion of a general, a universal and impartial action for the welfare of our fellow-men. It throws away selfishness, that mighty engine of injustice and wrong, so busy in our community in the hypocritical pretences of effecting great deeds abroad, while "*charity at home*" is not considered. *Great men* in our day are extremely fond of *great deeds*. And none are more magnificent than those of shipping off missionaries thousands of miles, to enlighten the heathen. Their influences are felt to a considerable degree in the community, and the efforts for carrying out their plans are mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of *opposers*. But where is the anxiety of our *fireside* heathen? Millions of heathen between Maine and Georgia have not the advantages of the "*great deeds*" of great men! No! they are taken as a footstool upon which they may stand to look away into the remotest clime for objects to extend their benevolence. Upon the appearances of outward circumstances, any one will be led to think that intelligence in this country is general, and the rich and the poor, through the length and breadth, have equal advantages. It is not so. Even here in New England, common school privileges in the great metropolis, Boston, are denied to a portion of the citizens. From the least visible colour in the skin of the child, to jet black, the child is refused admission to our schools. Where are our great men, with their "great deeds?" Where? Why, on the *wrong* side of the GOLDEN RULE! It appears from their actions that it will be too much of a stoop to do right, therefore it is better to persist in the aristocracy of wrong.

There must be a revolution of sentiment in our land. The time is not far distant when more deserving occupants will fill the places of these one-sided actors on the moral platform. Then Colonization will be known only as a story, and the efforts that are now making to banish a portion of the American people will be told as the selfish aims of zealous bigots.

B. F. ROBERTS.

Boston, June 20, 1847.

It will be seen by the following letter of Frederick Douglass to the Boston Whig, that he has given up for the present his plan of establishing a new paper:

MR. EDITOR: *Sir*,—In the "Boston Whig" of Saturday, 26th instant, I find the following:

"The Liberator states that Frederick Douglass has given up the project of publishing a paper in this country, and explains as a reason of the subscriptions being obtained in England for that purpose, the impression prevailing that no paper of the kind was published by a coloured man. The Liberator enumerates four papers of the kind. It might properly be asked how came the English people to get such an impression?"

I now beg to give you the information indirectly asked for, in the last sentence of the above paragraph.

A few months previously to my leaving England for the United States, I was informed that it was the intention of my friends to make me a present of a sum of money, which would yield an annual income sufficient for my support. The object of my friends was to place me in circumstances which would enable me to devote myself unreservedly to the cause of my outraged and enslaved fellow-countrymen. Fully appreciating the motives of my benevolent friends, the proposition, nevertheless, struck me unfavourably, and I objected at once to the adoption of any measures for carrying out their kind intention. My objections were as follows;—1st. It would make me so independent of my friends in the United States, as to disturb the sympathy which has resulted from mutual hardships in a common cause, and which is so necessary to successful co-operation. 2d. It would be prejudicial to my influence at home, to be entirely supported abroad. 3d. It would place me in a more superannuated position than I, being a young man, felt willing to assume. And fourthly, because of the great and increasing demands upon British sympathy and philanthropy, resulting from the awful famine with which a sister island was then and is still smitten.

I however informed my friends, (and this will answer your query,) what was then the fact; that there was not a single printing press in the United States under the control and management of coloured persons: and that several attempts had been made to establish such a press, and that they had severally failed; and that I believed that the time had arrived when such a press could be established, and be a powerful means of changing the moral sentiment of the nation on the subject of Slavery; and if tolerably well conducted would be a *telling* act against the American doctrine of natural inferiority, and the inveterate prejudice which so universally prevails in this country, against the coloured race. This being my opinion, I suggested that a printing press would be a useful and an acceptable testimonial, and one which would have this advantage over the former one; it would be a gift to my race, as well as a testimony of their confidence in me as their advocate. The idea pleased my friends, and the impression which it made upon their minds, they produced upon others. This, Sir, is an explanation of the whole case, as my friends abroad will bear me witness.

Since my return home, three "newspapers" under the management of coloured persons have sprung into existence, and believing that these will be sufficient to accomplish the good which I sought, I have with some reluctance given up my intention of publishing a paper for the present.

I am, Sir, with sincere respect,
Faithfully yours,
FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

LYNN, Mass. 27th June, 1847.

From the London Inquirer.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

We received lately a letter from an English settler in the United States, which, we confess, that we read with shame and mortification. It grieved us that any Englishcould be found to pen a defence of the system of Slavery. It astonished us that any man could imagine that the case of the Americans, as upholders of Slavery, would appear the better for such arguments as are here adduced.—Since, however, such things are said—and, we presume, in some places, believed to have some weight—and an individual, apparently well meaning, has thought it worth while to send them to us, we shall go through the points of the letter, and give freely our opinion upon them.

The first remark of the writer, after pointing to the mode in which Slavery was first introduced into South Carolina, and in which rice was also introduced, is an inference that the climate of the Southern States is naturally favourable to the growth of the African race, as well as to the growth of rice. This being only important in connection with what follows, we need not dwell upon it.

The next assertion is, that the negro race have not changed in character for two thousand years,—are ignorant, barbarous, and destitute of industry, working only under compulsion; and the writer asks, "Who can say, Free them?" He himself acknowledges that exceptions are daily exhibited to his supposed rule against the negroes being capable of high civilization; he himself remarks, in respect to the ignorance of the race, that their *instruction is forbidden by law*; and he points out that industry depends on the hope of improving their condition. He ought, therefore, to be well aware that it cannot coexist with Slavery, but that it would begin to be produced on the very day of the abolition of that condition. Thus, his own statements of fact and recognitions of principle abundantly refute his unfavourable inferences respecting the coloured race. But when men's moral sense is not deadened by daily familiarity with evil, and overborne by the prevailing opinions around them, what must be their feelings in contemplating a portion of the great human family—children, like ourselves, of the Universal Father, naturally entitled to the same advantages which we enjoy—treated as mere beasts, forcibly deprived of all means of improvement, and then spoken of as an inferior race; allowed no opportunity of benefiting by exertion, and then reproached with the want of industry; morally degraded to serve the lowest interests, and then described as unsusceptible of moral improvement. We can conceive of nothing worse than this; and those who are guilty of it, can only be regarded with burning indignation, or with withering scorn. Considering the means of judging rightly, which all possess, we can admit of no excuse, even for those who are brought up in the midst of the system; but that an Englishman should become personally acquainted with American Slavery, and should not view it with detestation and indignant horror, does seem to us extraordinary.

The next point is, that the owner of the slave has a *legal* right—though, it is acknowledged, not a natural right—a right of the same kind, says our correspondent, as that by which he holds his "lot," [portion of land,] *a conventional right*, which the common law recognizes. Right, in the sense in which it is here meant, means what a certain society, acting by those who wield its authority, agrees to guarantee to all its members. Nothing ought to be so guaranteed but what appears fitted to promote the greatest amount of general and diffused happiness. This object may be mistaken; and then the law is altered, as soon as the error is perceived, or those who have acquired power may deliberately sacrifice the good of some, to the gain and gratification of another portion whom they are disposed to favour. So long as any bad law exists, it is a right, or confers a right, in our correspondent's sense of the word; but he will not find many to agree with him, that it must, therefore, be patiently submitted to; and it is a great absurdity to suppose that good laws—those which really contribute to the general advantage, and are based on sound principles, so that men will respect them the more, the more they examine them—will be brought into any danger by attacks made on laws which violate the professed object of all law—the general good—and are obviously founded in selfishness and tyranny. It is admitted, and is undeniable, that no human being has, in the nature of things, a claim to the unrequited services of his fellow-men; nor can he obtain them except by violence; and that his possessing them should be for the *general*—including equally a consideration of the oppressed and oppressors—good, is totally inconceivable. How, then, is law any argument for Slavery? There is a law which daily violates God's known law, which daily tramples on justice, and insults humanity. Shame on such a law! Those who live under it, without daily protesting against it, and daily efforts to overthrow it, are disgraced by it. Of course, no man of African race admits, or can be supposed to admit, such a law to be anything else than the open announcement of a determination to exercise injustice and oppression. He views it only as something to be, if possible, resisted; but if through necessity endured, to be accounted as the deepest injury and the blackest crime. The slave has never been in any way a consenting party to his own degradation; he has been stolen, and kept by violence; and if any day he felt equal to the struggle, and declared himself free, no reasonable man would consider him as guilty of crime, even though he should wade to freedom through blood. We never believe that bloodshed and violence are the rational and wise means for promoting any cause, and in all cases we condemn the resort to them; but those who think them lawful at all, will, of course, admit them in the case where the injustice to be resisted is the most gross and intolerable; and if the oppressed are kept in ignorance, in order that they may be more easily controlled, the oppressor must feel that the weapons of ignorance, violence, and cruelty, are those which they will use if they can. Men talk of their *legal right* to hold their brother as a chattel; they know in their hearts that the law which confers this right is a mockery of justice, and that the slave who is its victim rejects and defies it.

Our correspondent proceeds to dwell on the evils of immediate emancipation, arising out of the unprepared condition of the negro. It was found, in our West India Islands, and was felt equally by all parties, that immediate emancipation was more easy to accomplish than gradual; and our national experience warns other nations, desirous of doing justice, at once to accomplish their object. But if the Slavery party were prepared to contemplate abolition at all, and would admit its justice and necessity, and point to any plan for accomplishing it, even though gradual, they would meet with much attention. It is the simple fact, that they will defend Slavery as a permanent institution, made necessary by the natural qualifications of the African race, and by the wants of their enslavers. The grand point is, that emancipation would make paupers of the slaves, without the benefit of poor laws. Is this an obstacle to slaves desiring and being ready to accept their freedom? If not, it is not an honest objection. Besides the injustice and the intolerable evils of keeping slaves being recognized, we are bound to get rid of the system; and if, besides giving up our insolent pretensions to a property in human beings, it is necessary to pay for having made such, by certain provision for the aged or diseased among our late bondsmen, among those who would still, as labourers, be employed in our service, we do not see the hardship to be so very great. It is mere nonsense, not worth noticing, to say that the Abolitionists know that their plan would injure the slaves, and are, therefore, wicked men for proposing it.

According to our correspondent, the offer of Gerrit Smith, to give land to free coloured people who would settle upon it, was a mere contrivance to gain election influence. Of this we know nothing; but we deem it far the most probable supposition, that such is the interpretation that slaveowners choose to put upon his conduct, and that better knowledge would establish the more generous motive.

Our correspondent pleads for education for the slave, as a preparation for liberty. It seems to us more natural that the slave should desire liberty first, and very certain that, when free, he will seek improvement. But we ask, is it not mockery, for one who has himself recorded that the laws of the slave States will allow of no instruction to slaves—and who must be well aware that this system is founded on the known incompatibility of mental, moral, or religious cultivation with continuance in Slavery,—to recommend education? We can only say of the rest of the letter, that to find an Englishman palliating, as irremediable evils, breeding of slaves for the market, and separating kindred ties, astonishes and humiliates us; and that he should account it a duty to write, in order to repress English sympathy for slaves, is beyond our power of comprehension.

To Englishmen at home, we hope that to know of oppression in any part of the world will be immediately followed by the warm expression of sympathy with the sufferers, by the exposure and denunciation of the wrongdoer, and the energetic appeal of every honourable, just, and humane sentiment of our nature, in favour of remedying the evil. The recommendations to conciliate the slaveholder, and to trust to his good sense and right feeling, shows the most marvellous ignorance of human nature and character. Conciliate sheep-stealers, forgers, and swindlers! Treat them with respect, and politely suggest to them the desirableness of reform. They are all worthy of respect in comparison with those who claim property in human flesh and blood; they are guilty of no crime worthy to be named along with having a slave. This we take to be not the extravagant utterance of an infatuated party, but the natural and just sentiment of an enlightened and humane mind, and the decided judgment of the great body of the people of England, who have everywhere received the great American Abolitionists with enthusiasm, and have resolved to omit no means of making their feelings respecting the crime and the curse of Slavery, fully known to all the parties concerned.

From the British Friend.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The letter from which the following are extracts, was received from Frederick Douglass on the 15th ultimo, and they will, it is believed, be perused with interest by his numerous and attached friends in this country:

"LYNN, (Mass.) 29th April.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: I am at home—in the warm bosom of my family, caressed and administered to, by the beloved ones of my heart. It is good to be here.—Thanks be to God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, whose tender mercies are over all, and without the notice of whose eye, even a sparrow may not fall to the ground, I have been preserved. After more than sixteen days of fierce conflict with head winds, adverse waves, and the innumerable hardships and perils of a spring voyage across the Atlantic, I am surrounded by the calm, soothing, and tranquilizing influences of home. You will be glad to know that I found my family all well.

* * * * * * * * *

You have heard ere this, that an attempt was made to degrade me by proscribing and placing me beyond the circle of my fellow-passengers during the voyage. This was done to conciliate the *democratic slaveholders* on board, who would have felt *degraded* by my presence at the table with them; these men would have been glad to have owned me for their *slave*, but they could not tolerate me as as a *free man*.—This proscription, though an early and at first a bitter foretaste of what then awaited me in this land, proved a blessing rather than a curse, since by compelling me to go into separate apartments, I was placed beyond the social influence of a set of persons who proved to be a band of wild, uproarious, gambling tipplers, whose foul mouthed utterances interposed an impassable gulf between us.

"The first few days of the voyage, I felt the degradation of my position, and felt a degree of loneliness. I was on a British steamer, a British flag waving over me; on her deck were a hundred and twenty passengers, not one of all of them had paid more for their passage than I had, yet while I was confined like a criminal to a certain part of the ship because of my colour, they enjoyed the privilege of going at large, and in the spacious saloon, from which I was excluded. These superior privileges naturally enough induced in some a feeling of superiority over me, and made it somewhat improper to be seen near me; so while among men, children of one common Father, I was without society, I stood isolated and alone, with none to extend to me the hand of civility or pass a friendly smile in common, on the frowning waves of the deep—thus solitary and alone, my heart could dwell on the many beloved friends whose homes and hearts were ever open to me when I sojourned among you.

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"After the first few days of our voyage, my proscription and the cause of it became generally known, and was at once the topic of common conversation among the passengers. A few persons, either from curiosity or humanity, spoke to me in my loneliness, and extended to me the common civilities of the day; they were of the more respectable part of our number, and this continued during the voyage. Thus was the attempt to degrade me unavailing. I landed at Boston on Tuesday night, the 20th April, and a reception meeting was given me in Lynn, on Friday night, the 23d, and the coloured people of Boston intend giving me one on the 3d of May. Invitations are pressing in upon me from all quarters. I cannot attend one half of the meetings that parties are anxious to get up for me. My old friends receive me gladly, and new ones flock around to encourage me in my work, still I see before me a life of toil and trial. The war with Mexico, undertaken and carried on for the infamously wicked purpose of extending and perpetuating the enslavement of my race, is becoming more and more popular every day, and such is the feeling here, that to denounce this war in the terms which its atrocious character merits, is at once to be branded as a traitor; but justice must be done, the truth must be told, the wicked must be exposed, freedom and righteousness must be vindicated, and with the help of the God of peace and the oppressed, I will not be silent. I am still strongly determined to devote myself to *printing* as well as *speaking* of my race. * * * *

"In kind remembrances to all my friends,—Yours truly, &c. &c. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1847.

The Word to America.

The old prophetic voice has been silent long. The Infinite Word has not, therefore, ceased to reveal itself: it is still near to every heart, waiting only for free reception to be seen and understood. We look up to the broad face of heaven, it is there open as the sky, shining in sun and stars, truly as when it spake through Hebrew Bard. Its winged utterances come on every breath of air. Its divine beauty fills and flows from every leaf and flower; the whole earth is quickened by it, and gives it forth in all forms and changes. The Universe, one everlasting oracle, forever speaking its sweet-toned word of the unseen soul, foretelling the answer in suggesting the question. All things through it have come into existence, and severed from it has come into existence not one thing which exists. Modern Philosophy has collected its classes, and made out its catalogues and descriptions, of external facts. The true Philosophy will go within and above the surface, and interpret the Universe—so far as it can interpret—from its life and its living laws, not from the outside of their isolated effects. Then shall Nature, History, Man, be seen in the light of the Divine Essence which forms and fills them: the Universe, in a word, shall become one living metaphor,—outward symbol of the immanent spirit.

There is no fiction in this. It is not a mystic dream, a fantastic illusion, a tricksome fancy. The Common-Sense of our age, I know well, turns up its decent nose, and gives out an indiscribable sound of contempt from the corners of its compressed lips, and says: "The girls understand this, but I dont." No, Common-Sense of a sensual and selfish generation, thou dost not understand this, and thou canst not. Thou understandest thy money-bag. Thou understandest the value of thy banks and tariffs,—at least so thou dreamest. Thou understandest politics—in the received sense, those of devils, not of angels; of national sectarism, not of human brotherhood. Thou knowest to bombard cities; thou knowest a Napoleon; thou canst see into a Jackson or a Clay, a Calhoun or a Webster. Thou hast attained the understanding of how much a man or woman is worth for cultivating thy soil, and a woman for thy baser use. All this, common-sense, gathered wisdom, of the sixth millenium, thou hast no difficulty in apprehending: thou art even able to keep vast States and a widening nation together, enthralled to Slavery, for thy soulless, selfish, ambitious ends. I concede all this, and any quantity more of the same kind which may be claimed.

But one thing thou lackest. The soul of the Universe is hidden from thee. If I have spoken any word of seeming harshness, I would change it, if I could, into the gentlest tones of sorrow. The living word unknown, the divine soul unfelt, the purest oracle unheard, man knows nothing to good end. He wanders in darkness, and dreams he is walking in light. He listens to devils' words, and obeys them as if they came from heaven.—He creeps under the ribs of death, and would fain think the father's soul is beating there, all warm and cherishing. Infernal discords, fierce and wrathful, sound about him and wind into his easy heart; to him they are Delphic words. Oh, could he see the delusions playing with him, mocking him!

The Universe is embodiment of the Soul of Love.—It will be found so at last. America builds temples in honour of historical revelation, denies and destroys the eternal reality in Nature and in Man. America knows not, at this very moment, what she is doing. She tramples on her millions of slaves; Southern men, she assures us, are full of chivalry and generosity. She banishes tribes from their native homes and their fathers' sepulchres; the Anglo-Saxon, forsooth, bears with him improvement wherever he goes. She annexes a foreign nation, protecting its perpetual curse of Slavery; her institutions are so generous as to attract men to her bosom. She rushes into accursed war with another republic; her prowess and her heroism join her in equal admiration with antique and romantic ages. So, the very first aspect of things. Then we go from these ultimate results nearer to the primal and central sources. What see we now? Men, individual men, buying, selling, scourging, polluting, the souls they have doomed; making and upholding laws which shall protect them in their tyranny; now vindicating the whole outrage as right, now pleading the laws they make as apology for the wrong; men, individual men, defiled with these pollutions holding up their hands in prayer, gathering in consecrated houses, hallowing a day with outward sanctity, worshipping, preaching, praying, as if they were drawing near to the Father of ALL. What do we see farther? Millions from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, from the Saint Croix to the Ohio, detached from individual relation to Slavery, bowing down in vassalage to it; sympathizing with the oppressor in his oppression, justifying the wrong, hardening their hearts to the cries of the enthralled victims; authorizing their Representatives to concert with those of Slavery in sustaining and protecting the tyranny; nay boasting of a compact which, we are forever assured, could never have been secured but by concession to Slavery, which, we are solemnly admonished, can now continue no otherwise than by leaving such concession untouched. That is, the millions of the States misnamed Free, rejoice in a compact which immolates Freedom to Slavery; which makes injustice supreme, and drags justice beneath the idol's car; which imbrutes humanity and enthrones pride; which opens the Temple of Oppression, and exclaims to the Confederacy, "Here are thy Gods; worship them, and thou shalt dwell in union; reject them, and I leave thee to disunion and discord."—The North hears and answers, "Here are my Gods; them I will devoutly worship, and only give me union, cotton, and money." And then the North goes up to its other worship: six days, that; one day, this; and is delighted to hear of its good works; its Bible societies, its Missionary societies, its charities to the Irish, its pre-eminence over everything except—here it winks and is still. The orthodox exult in their purity of doctrine; the heterodox, in their liberality, all sects are dreaming of their excellence and prospective advancement. Who inspires their worship? Jesus sought to free the slave. They go forth to sustain institutions and a Government red with the blood of millions, to exalt slaveholders into highest dignity, may, to connive at the supremacy of their despotism.

It ends not here. Slavery has said, "Mexico likewise is mine." The voice is heard to the remotest bound of the Union. And State

he declares that his services are ever at the will and call of the country.

☞ Since the above was in type, we learn that the letter purporting to come from General Taylor is supposed to be a "Roorbach." We see no reason for the furor which many of the papers are getting up about it.

PRO-SLAVERY.—The letter from the Journal of Commerce, commencing on our first page, should have been placed under the Pro-Slavery Department, but the error was not observed till the outside form had gone to press. It is eminently deserving of a place in that receptacle of every kind of defence of American Slavery, for however bad Turkish bondage may be, it is not so wicked as that of Christian and Republican America. The worst features of Slavery there would be an improvement upon the condition of the slave of the United States.

The same error occurred in last week's paper. We neglected to put in its appropriate place, the report of the speech of the Rev. Mr. Leavitt, of New-York.

Notes on New Books.

History of the Conquest of Peru, with a preliminary view of the civilization of the Incas. By William H. Prescott. Two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1847.

It is mortifying to the hebdomadal reviewer to be so circumscribed in space when a really noble book is offered to his inspection, that he can but glance at its merits and indicate in general terms the admiration with which it has inspired him. These beautiful volumes, which contain innumerable pictures of the heroism, virtues, and vices of nations, long since blotted from existence, and narratives of the savage conquests of a people who professed to be guided in their murderous and mercenary exploits, by Christian motives, as our own people do now in their equally savage and selfish war upon a nation incapable of defence, can only be properly criticized, and their merits and defects exposed, in the ample scope afforded by the pages of a Quarterly Review. Mr. Prescott appears to rate his History of the Conquest of Peru below his History of the Conquest of Mexico, but authors have rarely made correct decisions respecting the comparative value of their own works, and we believe that the decision of the public will in this case differ from that of the author. There is more novelty in Mr. Prescott's last subject, and it strikes us that he has been more successful in detailing the events of the overthrow of the Incas, than he was in his history of the Aztecs. His merits as a historian are not of the highest order, but he has a province of his own, in which he is not surpassed by any living historical writer, and he has had the good fortune to select subjects which his means are best adapted to illustrate, and which, from their novelty, remoteness, and grandeur, would have commanded attention if they had been treated with much less ability than he has bestowed upon them.

As a mere writer, Mr. Prescott's merit hardly rises above that of any educated gentlemen. He has no style of his own, and although he is generally correct and forcible, he is sometimes strangely unidiomatic and feeble in the construction of his sentences. He confesses, in the preface to his history, his obligation to Mr. Folsom, the librarian of the Boston Athenæum, "whose minute acquaintance with the grammatical structure, and the true idiom of our English tongue, has enabled me to correct many inaccuracies into which I had fallen in the composition, both of this and of my former works."

The great merits of Mr. Prescott are his pains-taking industry, the admirable method with which he arranges his facts, his coolness, candour, and freedom from all apparent hobbies. There is no egotism in his volumes.—He accomplishes his purpose in a straight-forward manner, and by confining himself strictly to his narrative never suffers the attention of his reader to be diverted from his text. There are few romances that have the power of absorbing the feelings of the reader more completely than the "Conquest of Peru." There are no descriptions of encounters and struggles in the wide range of historical romance more captivating than some of the narratives of the wild adventures, hardships, and battles of Pizarro, and his savage followers. The contrast between the gold-thirsty Catholic warriors of Spain, and the feeble contented subjects of the Incas, afford opportunities for some of the most strikingly picturesque descriptions to be found in modern historical writing. But the History of the Conquest of Peru is composed of two very distinct warfares. First, the Spaniards had to conquer the Peruvians, and the conquerors had again to be conquered by fresh troops from Spain. It was a double conquest, which afforded wider scope for the abilities of the author than the single conquest of Mexico. Another conquest has since taken place, and Peru is once more free from the desolating bondage of Spain. But it has never regained the condition of prosperity which it enjoyed under the wise and peaceful rule of the Incas. It is the only country of America, excepting the United States and the Brazils, which allows of Slavery, but even Peru, we have recently learned, has taken steps towards emancipating its bondmen, and soon our country will be the only black spot on this continent where human beings are held in Slavery. The condition of the Peruvians in the time of the Incas is an example for the whole world. Their laws were so perfect that want was unknown among them, although much of their territory was "smitten with the curse of barrenness." No man, however humble, suffered for want of food or clothing, and as a natural consequence of the absence of poverty, was an almost entire absence of vice. Mr. Prescott says: "It is not easy to comprehend the genius and the full import of institutions so opposite to those of our own free republic, where every man, however humble his condition, may aspire to the highest honours of the State,—may select his own career, and carve his fortune in his own way; where the light of knowledge, instead of being concentrated in a chosen few, is shed abroad like the light of day, and suffered to fall equally on the poor and the rich; where the collision of man with man awakens a generous spirit of emulation that calls out latent talent and tasks the energies to the utmost; where consciousness of independence gives a feeling of self-reliance unknown to the timid subjects of a despotism; where, in short, the Government is made for man,—not, as in Peru, where man seemed to be made only for the Government."

Fortunately for the reputation of Mr. Prescott, he does not often attempt to generalize from his historical facts, for a few such specimens as that we have quoted would sink his historical works in the black gulf of oblivion. Such assertions as these may pass in the annual message of our President, or in the speeches of our Fourth of July orators, but the world will hardly tolerate such bald nonsense in the pages of a grave history. Mr. Prescott's "learned friend," the librarian of the Boston Athenæum, when he was correcting the bad English of the History of the Conquest of Peru, should at the same time have corrected the bad facts, and informed the historian, that so far from "Every man in our free republic," enjoying so-and-so, and "rising to the highest offices," and all that sort of political finery, nearly four millions of men in "our free republic," are debarred by law from holding any office, and nearly one-fifth part of our entire population are in hopeless slavery, such as no subject of the Inca had ever dreamed of. It is, perhaps, pardonable in Mr. Prescott that he should be so ignorant of the actual condition of his own country, as he has devoted nearly all his life to the acquisition of historical facts relating to the existence of a remote period, but his learned friend should not have overlooked so great a blunder. But such things are rare in the History of the Conquest of Peru. The narrative is clear, distinct, and free from rambling reflections. Descriptions of engrossing interest succeed each other from page to page, and the attention of the reader is kept constantly awake by the greatness of the events, the rapidity with which they succeed each other, and the immensity of the stake for which the characters contend. It is no trifle of a lady's love that is to be decided by the issue of the struggle, but the existence of a nation whose destruction immediately follows their discovery. We see in these pages the subjugation of an entire people, and the establishment of a new empire in a new world; the obliteration of an ancient Government and an ancient faith, and a new religion and a new Government established in their stead. Mr. Prescott has wisely offered us nothing but facts, for this was his mission, and has left to other minds the duty of making truthful deductions from them. He relates in his preface, with a noble modesty, which is more touching than his own description of the capture of Atahualpa, the difficulties under which his histories have been composed, owing to his partial blindness, and his apprehending that his failing sight may hinder him from further labours in the province which he has proved himself so admirably qualified to excel in.—B.

The Union Magazine of Literature and Art. Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.

The first number of this new magazine has made its appearance, and gives promise of something of a higher character than we generally look for in the monthlies.—Not, we do not mean, that any such specific promise is made by the editor, but we gather from the tone of its papers, and from the excellence of its illustrations, that "the Union" will at a jump, take its place at the head of its class—if, indeed, it do not step beyond its compeers, and make a class by itself. A story by Mrs. Child,—another by Miss Sedgwick,—a Western Sketch, number 1, by Mrs. Kirkland,—poetry by Miss Gould, Mrs. Sigourney, and Mrs. Osgood; beside various other articles in prose and verse, from well-known pens, give us forty-eight pages of very pleasant reading.

This first number of "the Union" is embellished with engravings of more than ordinary excellence. The frontispiece is a mezzotint representing the death of Colonel Henry Clay, Jr. which we were sorry to see.

There is no heroism in a death on a battle-field of a war for Slavery, if there ever is on any battle-field. We regret that the editor should consent to cater to the blood-thirstiness, and the love of blood-hound glory which just now distinguishes Capt. Rynders type of the American people. Opposite this sketch, however, is another of the opposite character, depicting the wife fallen senseless upon the floor, the child, and its grandfather bending over her in agony, and the paper by her side which told her of the death of the soldier-husband. This is a better side of the picture of war to look upon, than the other, sad as it is. We would rather see the woman's sympathy for the widows and the orphans that war makes, than any admiration for the mock heroism and tinsel glory of death in battle. Literature and Art in our day can find better work than celebrating the shooting of young Colonels in red coats.

Two or three of the stories are illustrated with excellent wood-cuts, and there is a fashion-plate, with figures in it, as in all the other fashion-plates, unlike any known species of animals in these latitudes. The Magazine, we hope, will be called Mrs. Kirkland's by common consent, rather than "the Union." We should regret if a soubriquet should attach to it, of which the political parties should have a monopoly by prescriptive right.

Illustrated Botany. Published by B. H. Culver, 139 Nassau street, New-York.

That Dr. J. L. Comstock, the well-known naturalist, is the editor of this work, is evidence enough, perhaps, of its value. He proposes to give to it a more substantial character than usually belongs to periodical publications, and from the numbers already issued there can be no doubt of his success. It is to be, in fact, a popular, and at the same time thorough, treatise upon Botany, to be issued in monthly parts. The subject of Fossil Botany, to which little attention has been paid in this country, comes within the plan of the editor, as well as that of Vegetable Physiology. Horticulture will receive careful attention, and monthly lists of the principal native plants, during the flowering season, will be given, and illustrated by plates. These plates are beautifully coloured, and correctly drawn. The work is one of great value, and well worthy of the support of those who are, and those who wish to be, familiar with the science of Botany. Price three dollars per annum.

To Correspondents.

J. M. He will receive the missing numbers. The change is made as he directs.

J. C. H. It will be duly honoured.

W. P. He shall hear speedily. The matter is under serious and painful consideration.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* A Song of the Starving.—*Miscellany:* Toussaint (continued); Elizabeth Fry.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* The President at Afternoon Service—Dr. Skinner's Church; The Backward Progress of Abolition; Mr. Webster and the Abolitionists. *Selections:* The United States and the Slave-Trade; Anti-Slavery League; Well-Born; Hayti; Slavery in Turkey.

SECOND PAGE.—Abolition Movements in Virginia; John McDonough Letter; African Colonization; Letter from Frederick Douglass; American Slavery; Frederick Douglass.

Married,

On the 29th instant, by the Rev. Charles Hall, of West Point, MARY LOUISA, daughter of the late Israel Corse, to the Hon. WILLIAM H. POLK, Charge d'Affaires to Naples.

In Salem, (Mass.) June 30, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham, Dr. J. FRANCIS TUCKERMAN, U. S. Navy, to Miss LUCY S. SALTONSTALL, daughter of the late Hon. Leverett Saltonstall.

In Philadelphia, June 30, Mr. S. C. THWING, of Boston, to ANNE S. daughter of Thomas Haven, Esq. of Philadelphia.

In Boston, by Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. ALFRED E. BEACH, son of M. Y. Beach, Esq. of this city, to Miss HARRIET E. HOLBROOK, Esq. (Holbrook, Carter & Co.) of Boston.

In Providence, (R. I.,) on the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Jonathan Leavitt, Mr. ISAAC W. MARCHANT, of Valley Falls, to SARAH G. only daughter of Enos Tucker, Esq. of Providence.

Died,

On Wednesday, June 30, MARIE LOUISA, wife of Patrick H. Reason, in the 29th year of her age.

In Springfield, (Mass.) June 27, Hon. WILLIAM CHILD, aged 59.

In Providence, (R. I.) Saturday evening, 27th ultimo, at half past ten o'clock, Miss HARRIET WARE, superintendent of the Providence Children's Friend Society, in her 48th year.

In Salem, June 25, CALEB BUFFUM, a venerable member of the Society of Friends, aged 88.

In New Haven, on the morning of the 25th inst. Mrs. REBECCA WEBSTER, relict of the late Noah Webster, in the eighty-second year of her age.

OBITUARY.

"We know that she is happy,
With her Angel plumage on
But the heart is very desolate,
To feel that she is gone."

ANNA MARIA MARRIOTT, eldest daughter of William and Theodosia, died of Pluero-Pneumonia, at Wakefield Cottage, at a quarter past eight o'clock, on the evening of the 22d of 6th month, 1847, aged 15 years, 11 months, and three days.

As a sweet flower, selected at early bloom, to grace another and a happier scene, she is taken in mercy—she is gone to her Heavenly Father's rest. Afflicted occasionally from early infancy with those diseases which are incidental to that interesting stage of existence, she bore them all without a murmur; and when she was visited by that which marked the close of her earthly career, her patience and her resignation during its course, and at this solemn period, was a living lesson of instruction to her afflicted parents and sympathizing relatives and friends—so tranquilly and so serenely did she fall asleep in Jesus.

Her innocency of mind—her cheerfulness of temper, and her simplicity of manners, invested her with a charm of peculiar attraction to all who knew her, which was felt and appreciated as one of the fond endearments of the domestic scene.

She loved the world without defilement, and enjoyed its simple and innocent pleasures with a grateful heart; and frequently in familiar, confidential conversation, did she remark to her devoted mother, "Oh! that I had died when an infant—I have no desire for long life; and to her little sister she said, "How sweet it will be to die and see the holy angels and join our dear relations."—And one of her latest audible expressions was, "Dear mother, I wish to be lifted up," implying to those who heard it, a prophetic intimation that she indeed would soon be lifted up beyond this changeful, transitory state, and enjoy the bliss of her purified being.

And how often did her bright example shed its lustre around the heart and illustrate these beautiful lines of the Poet,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear!
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And yield its sweetness to the desert air."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Fifteen Days later from Europe.—Arrival of the Caledonia.

Important Commercial Intelligence.—Advance in Cotton. Farther Decline in Breadstuffs.—Important from Portugal.

The steamship *Caledonia*, Capt. LOTT, arrived at Boston on Sunday, having sailed from Liverpool on the 19th ultimo.

We notice a decline in breadstuffs.

The Herald gives the following table, as an index to the decline since the sailing of the Cambria, on the 3d:

THE PRICES OF BREADSTUFFS IN LIVERPOOL.

	June 3. Per Cambria.	June 18. Per Caledonia.
Flour	43 0 a 45 0	40 0 a 41 6
American Wheat	12 6 a 13 3	11 0 a 12 3
Indian Corn	56 0 a 60 0	48 0 a 52 0
Corn Meal	28 0 a 29 0	24 0 a 25 0

Cotton has advanced.

The Provision Market.—The imports of beef have been small, and with a light stock a large business has been done—best U. S. Prime Mess is quoted at 90s. a 95s per bbl.; ordinary, 81s. a 88s.; Mess, 55s. to 60s. per barrel. Pork is more inquired after, and several sales are reported at full prices. Best U. S. Prime Mess is worth, for old, 65s. to 70s. per barrel; new, 60s. to 63s. Bacon has been fairly in demand, but fine sorts are scarce; it ranges from long middles, free from bone, in salt, shoulders, 68s. to 85s. Hams have sold very freely, but the stock is small. Hams in salt are now imported duty free.

Of cheese, there is none in the market, it having been all sold at full prices; fine United States fetched 52s. to 60s.; middling, 45s. to 47s.; ordinary 42s. to 44s.—Lard has advanced 3s. to 4s. on fine sorts, and 2s. on ordinary qualities, but the market is really bare of fine descriptions. Butter from the States is not in demand, the supply from Ireland being sufficient, but fresh butter is bought at good prices. Linseed Cake is in good demand at £8.

The monetary prospects of the country are of a more encouraging character.

The Sarah Sands sailed for New-York on the 15th.

The French steamer Union sailed from Cherbourg for this port on the 15th ultimo.

The fleet and forces of the Portuguese Junta, under the command of Essantos, consisting of twelve ships of war and 3,500 men, surrendered unconditionally to the British blockading squadron, off Oporto, on the 31st of May.

The American ship Herald, Capt. Pullen, with emigrants from Ireland, went ashore in a dense fog on the 24th of May, and filled. The crew and passengers were landed without loss.

From the North American and U. S. Gazette.

Later from Mexico.

Arrest of General Arista.—Americans ordered from the Capital.—20 000 *Mexicans Concentrated there.—Santa Anna's resignation.*—By our Express, New Orleans papers of Sunday last have been received.

The New Orleans Delta has received Mexican papers from the 30th of May to the 5th of June inclusive, and gives the following brief synopsis of their contents.

Gen. Arista has been arrested and confined.

Gen. Almonte was still in prison.

On the first of June all the natives of the United States were ordered to leave the city of Mexico for the States of Jalisco or Morelia, or they would be dealt with according to the law of nations.

Generals Gutierez, Goana, Martinez, and Palomino are entrusted with the command of the lines of defence of the city.

Bodies of the National Guards are said to be on their way, and constantly arriving from the adjoining States, and it is believed that from seventeen to twenty thousand troops will be concentrated for the protection of the city.

The papers are filled with accounts of great feats performed by the guerrillas.

The Mexicans have certain information that Gen. Scott cannot expect reinforcements to a greater extent than two thousand men, and money to the amount of $900,000, and nothing more. They therefore think it doubtful whether he will march to the capital, and talk loudly in that city of marching out to meet him. "There are but 6,000 men," say they, "from Vera Cruz to Puebla, who lord it over a population of a million of inhabitants, which the two States contain. It can be believed only because it is seen."

The letter from Santa Anna, withdrawing his resignation, is published. The following paragraph will show its character:

"During the time since I gave in my resignation, I have received singular tokens of the confidence of all classes of persons; the most influential in society, all have besought me not to persist in my intentions. I see in them a determined purpose to force me to remain, founded on the necessity of preserving the present state of things without innovation, in order not to endanger the fate of this populous city and of the nation. The excitement has been very general, and even the troops in the garrison and most numerous portion of the people have been constant in their solicitations and their prayers."

General Items.

The age when a man should cease to be a dressing-maid.—The *Franco Americain* copies an advertisement from an old number of *Le Moniteur*, a French paper of New Orleans, of which the following is a literal translation:—

"*For Sale*, a very handsome negro lad nineteen years old. He is a tolerable cook, has been instructed in tailoring, is an excellent in-door servant and errand boy, and has no fault whatever. His mistress parts with him because, having bought him when a child, she has used him principally as a dressing-maid, and he is now too old to do this service for a lady. Enquire at this office."

Joseph John Gurney's Will.—The London Times publishes an extract from the will of this eminent philanthropist and true Christian, from which we learn that he did not leave as much property, either real or personal, as was supposed. But when we consider that he was in the habit of devoting annually to charitable purposes over $20,000, we find a reason for this. He left personal and funded property amounting to £140,000—equal to about $700,000.—*Worcester Spy.*

Anti-Inflammable Cotton.—A physician in Georgia in recently attempting to prepare gun cotton from a receipt sent him by a brother physician, was unsuccessful, and found to his astonishment, that his cotton would neither explode nor ignite, being anti-inflammable. On investigating, to find out the cause, he found that he had not used the right acid, muriatic acid we suppose. He repeated the process, and the result was the same; so that he claims to have discovered a method of rendering cotton incombustible. He says that this cotton can be prepared with little expense, as he tested the matter sufficient to know that it can be manufactured into cloth, the lint and texture of the cotton not being made into clothing with as much ease as from the common material.—*Scientific American.*

Dr. Judson's House Burned.—A letter from Dr. Judson, dated Rangoon, March 2, 1847, states that the house in Maulmain in which his effects were left, had been set on fire and burned to ashes. His clothes and his wife's, all their American presents and every article of value were consumed. He is allowed to remain in Rangoon in the character of a minister of a foreign religion, but is strictly prohibited from making proselytes. The succession of the late King's son has produced no change for the better.

Try it by all means.—A writer in a London paper has matured a plan by which he proposes in future to avoid railway collisions. He advises that an iron chair be constructed directly in front of the locomotive, and that one of the directors should sit therein on every trip. He thinks this patent railway buffer will effect the desired object.—*Courier.*

The Bible among the Slaves.—We learn from the New-York Recorder that the Virginia Bapt(ist) Bible Society, at their recent anniversary, passed the following resolution, with only one dissentient, who was not "a native of the South."

Resolved, That the Board be authorized to present copies of the Bible for gratuitous distribution among such of the coloured members of our churches as are able to read and unable to purchase them.

Hogs in the United States.—The Genesee Farmer says that the "the *hog crop* in the United States this past year, is three times the worth of the cotton crop. The 'standing army' of swine consumes annually two hundred millions bushels of corn."

Curious and Beautiful Incident.—Over the pulpit in the chapel at West Point, are some of our readers may perhaps have remarked, stands a fine allegorical picture from the true-to-life pencil of Weir. A part of it represents Peace, as a female figure, holding an olive-branch in her hand. During the performance of divine service, one or two Sundays ago, a small bird flew into the church and *made several attempts to alight on the branch!* A better criticism upon the fidelity of the artist's representation of air and foliage could scarce be imagined. The same compliment, as our readers will remember, was paid by a bird to Apelles, some three thousand years ago. *Home Journal.*

Something New.—A ring of zinc and one of copper, placed in contact around each fruit or ornamental tree, will prevent any insects from ascending and injuring them. The moment the insect touches the battery, it receives a galvanic shock, and is killed, or falls to the ground. The action of the battery is unceasing, being sufficiently powerful in either dry or wet weather. So says the Macon Journal.

Coloured Suffrage.—The Connecticut people are amending their Constitution. Among the amendments is one granting the right of suffrage to coloured persons. This was first rejected by the present House of Representatives, but has since been acceded to by a vote of 149 to 50, and the Senate has also agreed to it. The question is yet to be submitted to the people.

Speculation,—The Newark Daily Advertiser says.

"It is stated that a gentleman is in Washington negotiating for the purchase of Mount Vernon, with a view to a speculation. He proposes, it is said, to place upon the estate a colony of foreigners, Germans or Swiss, who will here establish a garden and nursery, but giving free admission and access to all pilgrims who may visit the spot."

Judicial Murders.—By intelligence from Santa Fe, it appears that "the Court" had condemned a large number of the Mexican "insurgents." Eleven had been hung and many whipped. These executions created great excitement among the Mexicans. The New-York Gazette has the following remark upon this intelligence:

"Eleven Mexicans hung for the crime of attempting to protect their country against a foreign invading foe! Think of it, freemen of America, eleven men hung up as "rebels and insurgents" for fighting in defence of their liberties and homes! What say the country to this! If there be not from the whole length and breadth of the land, one indignant expression of abhorrence at such barbarity, we shall be grievously disappointed."—*Kennebec Journal.*

Telegraphic Signals.—The Belfast (Me.) Journal states that the Down-Easters have been astonished lately by the exhibitions of fire-works on their hills, from Schoodic hills and Cherryville to Montville. They are of different colours, and it is surmised that they are arranged as telegraphic signals to be used on the arrival of the steamers at Halifax, in reference to speculations in flour and breadstuffs.

Rev. W. C. Pennington, of Hartford, Conn. escaped from Slavery in Maryland about twelve years ago. He is now Moderator of the Hartford Central Association (Congregational); in which capacity he recently signed the credentials of a licentiate about to go to the Southern States.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

An Enterprising Yankee.—In the packet ship Washington Irving, which sailed from Boston some days since, went passenger a young shoemaker from Quincy, under contract for one year, to take charge of a shoe factory in Liverpool, to instruct the operatives in the making of pegged shoes and boots—an art they do not understand in England yet.—*Barnstable Patriot.*

Pass it Round.—Every "merciful man," who works a horse during the hot months, can promote its comfort by the use of the following simple shield against the teasing of flies: Take two or three handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water, let it infuse one night, and pour the whole, next morning, into a kettle, and boil for a quarter of an hour; when cold it is fit for use. Moisten a sponge with it, and, before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor. Try it.—*New Bedford Bulletin.*

Death of Canales' Brother.—As the train came down from Monterey that brought us news from that place up to the 31st ultimo, the guard arrested at Ceralvo a Mexican, who had become notorious for his daring thefts and murders. Upon being examined, enough was elicited to order his immediate execution. The condemned, up to the moment of his sentence, maintained a dogged silence. When he found that his hour had come, he grew quite loquacious, and taking out his flint and steel, he lit a cigaritto, and coolly puffing it, he walked out into the Piazza to submit to his fate. Six soldiers were selected as executioners. The Mexican was first turned from the platoon, but he resolutely objected, and wished to look death in the face. With an eye unblanched, he saw the deadly weapons raised, remarking that he had only one life to lose, while he had taken forty. In another instant, he sprang forward a corpse, one ball penetrating his head, three others his body. Upon examination of the papers found on the dead body, it was discovered that the brother of the notorious Canales was the victim just executed.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

The Island on which New-York now stands, was purchased two hundred and twenty years ago for twenty-four dollars.

NOTICES.

NOTICE OF THE STATE MEETING.

The Tenth Annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society of Eastern Pennsylvania, will convene in Norristown on Wednesday, the 4th of August. We trust that it is not necessary to urge upon the friends of the cause, the importance of this meeting, or the desirableness of a large and punctual attendance upon it. The present state of our country demands much at the hands of reformers, and the harmony which prevails throughout the society will enable us to make a strong and successful assault upon our common foe. The complacency with which the Mexican war is regarded by all parties, the encouragement which it receives from the *professedly* Christian Church, the seeds of moral death which it is sowing in the nation's heart, call loudly upon us for prompt and efficient action. A testimony against these sins, which shall be heard and *felt*, should go forth from our meeting, a voice which shall penetrate the sealed ears of the morally dead, and help to rouse the Church and the State from their dangerous slumbers. Let the friends of the cause, then, gather in numbers, and strong in heart, ready to devote time and money to the noble work of making the results of the meeting all that the exigencies of the times demand.

On behalf of the Committee,
JAMES MOTT, Chairman.
HAYWORTH WETHERALD, Secretary.

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON.

During Christmas and New Year's week, 1847-8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labour, to aid their undertaking

Our object is the abolition of Slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honour and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of Slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us therefore to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subserved at the expense of the cause of freedom, while all others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put which every one ought to ask,—"How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?" our answer is, "it shall be spent wholly, only and directly, in awakening, informing, and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but in awakening the love of Freedom and the hatred of Slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals of our nation—that its Government should become the tributary of crime."

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship, while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent, though less effectual, channel, of a vivilance committee. It will be spent in propagandism: for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the root of the system we mean to abolish."

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures: It shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the enslavers, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Its consolations are proportionate to its renunciations; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such as embrace it, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the indifferent frivolities of a selfish existence sink into insignificance.

By the united efforts of all who ought to co-operate on this occasion, it is proposed to place

$10,000.

at the ultimate disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

M. W. Chapman, *Sarah BShaw,*
Ann. T. G. Phillips, *Mary G. Chapman,*
Helen E. Garrison, *Caroline Weston,*
Mary May, *Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza Lee Follen, *Anna R. Philbrick,*
Sarah S. Russell.

☞ The list of names will be published in full, in subsequent numbers of the Liberator and Standard.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

Contributions for this Fair to aid the band of noble women whose names are attached to the call published in the Standard, to get up one worthy of the occasion, and of the cause, can be left at the Anti-Slavery offices in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. Packages forwarded to the West should be directed to J. E. Jones, Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, and if sent by the northern route, which is the best one, they should be marked (care of Charles Bradburn, Cleveland, Ohio,) or if by the southern route, (care of J. M. McKim, No. 31, North 5th street, Philadelphia.) And in all instances they should be on the way West by the 15th of July.

SAMUEL BROOKE,
General Agent.

NOTICE.

WARD, DOUGLASS, & REMOND. HO! WESTERN NRW YORK!!!.

I have the pleasure of announcing to the people of Western New-York, that the distinguished advocates of the rights of universal man, whose names stand at the head of this notice, have consented to be at CANANDAIGUA, on Sunday and Monday, August one and two, to lecture on American Slavery, Sunday afternoon and evening, and to participate on Monday in the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation. Come up, men, women, and children, on this glorious occasion and get good.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

FAIR COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held March 11th, 1847, the following persons were appointed a Committee on the Fair, to be held at the close of the year:

Mary T. Stickney,	Margaretta Forten,
Anna M. Hopper,	Mary Grew,
Emma Parker,	Mary Shaw,
A. Matilda Cassey,	Esther Reckless,
Jannette Jackson,	Sarah Pugh,
Maria M. Davis,	Clementine Green,
Margaret Griscom,	Elizabeth Carman,
Marina Carman,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Esther Hogeland,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Esther Burr,
Emily Winslow,	Lydia Gillingham,
Theresa K. Hallowell,	Sarah L. Child,
Paulina S. Wright,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Sarah A. McKim,	Huldah Justice,
Eliza J. Bias,	Margaret Jones.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which Slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon your efforts. Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to do good works, and unite with them to bring your neighborhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you do possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth, and other manufactured articles—let the dairymaid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoemaker, present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skillful with the needle, bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or applying them, by direction of the donors, to some branch of this reform, in harmony with the views of that society.

The cause for which we ask you to labour is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favour from the virtuous and the good, and is approved of by the Father of the oppressed. We affectionately invite you to share the toil and reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of MAN, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg,
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Jane D. McNealy, Greene,
Mary Donaldson, do.
Matilda S. Howell, Painesville,
Susan Marshall, do.
Maria L. Giddings, Jefferson,
Mercy Lloyd, Lloydsville,
Mary Ann Bronson, Medina,
Phebe Ann Carroll, Ravenna,
Martha J. Tilden, do.
Ruth Dugdale, Green Plain,
Elizabeth Borton, Selma,
Maria Whitmore, Andover,
Sarepta Brown, New Lyme,
Eliza Cowles, Geneva,
Zilpah Barnaby, Mt. Union,
Harriet N. Torrey. Parkman,
Elizabeth A. Stedman, Randolph,
Cordelia Smalley do.
Elizabeth Butterworth Hopkinsville,
Ann Walker, Leesville,
Mary Griswold, New Garden,
Eliza Holmes, Columbiana,
Leah Voglesong, do.
Anna C. Fuller, Brooklyn,
Cornelia R. Cowles, Buffalo, N. Y.
Laura Barnaby, Salem,
J. Elizabeth Jones. do,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, & CHARLES LENOX REMOND.

Port Byron, Seneca Falls, and Canandaigua.

An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at PORT BYRON, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 27th and 28th, commencing at ten o'clock A. M. on each day; at SENECA FALLS, on Thursday afternoon and evening, July 29th, commencing at ten o'clock, A. M., and continuing through the day and evening.

On Sunday, August 1st, Lectures will be delivered at CANANDAIGUA, in the afternoon and evening by SAMUEL R. WARD, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, and CHARLES LENOX REMOND, and on Monday, August 2d, the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation will take place, in which all these gentlemen will participate.

These are the only meetings which FREDERICK DOUGLASS will be able to attend in our State before September. Let there be a general rally at all these Conventions, as I doubt not there will be. It will be a busy season of the year, but we must avail ourselves of such aid when we can get it, and make the most of it.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

Farmington, 6th month, 12, 1847.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK

DEAR FRIENDS:—The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have decided to prosecute their labours still more vigorously in this State the present year.

The invaluable services of E. D. Hudson, Charles Lenox Remond and Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave, have already been secured, and they will commence the campaign on the First of August. Our old and well-tried friend, William W. Brown will return to our aid on the first of December. In addition to these our distinguished friends William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, and James N. Buffum have engaged to spend from the 14th, to the 28th of September, inclusive, in our State, and a particular notice of the time and place of their meetings will be given through the columns of the Standard in due time.

Other able and efficient agents can easily be secured if we can find the means to sustain them and keep their families in bread. Austin Steward, whose untiring exertions have done much in extending the circulation of the Standard, will continue his labours. During the past year a large number of subscribers have been secured to this paper in our State. To those who read it, it is only necessary to say that the same arrangements which have made it the best paper in the State the last year will be continued. Its editor and contributors need no eulogy from my pen. Their past labours are their highest praise and a sure earnest of the future. With your hearty co-operation we intend to more than double the subscription list this year. It can be done. Will you give us your aid? Will every man work over against his own house?" Let us try the experiment, friends. Every effort to do good at least blesses him who makes it, and gives him greater strength for every successive effort.

A large portion of the funds expended last year were received from out the State. This year our own friends of the cause will be, and are, urged to contribute much more largely, and the Society confidently expects that they will do it willingly and cheerfully. Is it a time to falter now? The SLAVE still groans, and bleeds, and dies. Murderous marauders are still plundering unhappy Mexico, and brutally and ruthlessly killing her defenceless women and children, in the name of a wicked and slaveholding Government, for the purpose of extending and strengthening the unhallowed system of Slavery.

Many of the popular political presses which have in the strongest possible terms denounced the annexation of Texas and its results as unconstitutional, diabolical, and infamous, are now diligently seeking to push the country to the climax of infamy, by shamelessly foisting the name of Zachary Taylor, a

Poetry.

From the [British] Northern Star.

A SONG OF THE STARVING.

BY ERNEST JONES.

Now, hark ye on the highland,
Now, hark ye in the glen,
Throughout our fertile island—
The song of starving men:

There's honour for the waster
While money's in his span;
There's plenty for the master—
But there's nothing for the man.

There's wealth for building churches,
There's food for hound and steed,
But the country is a desert
For the pauper in his need.

Now, hark ye in the cottage—
Now, hark ye in the mill—
The people have the power,
If they only had the will!

Let him still hug a fetter,
Who brooks to be a slave,
And calls the man a *better*
He knows to be a *knave*.

As long as you will truckle,
So long will *they* oppress:
Hope not to win from *others*,
But from *yourselves*—redress.

Now, hark ye in the palace—
Now, hark ye in the hall—
Ye men of silent malice!
And ye men of bloody thrall!

Can ye face the judging nation,
Ye that feasted on their pain,
And made their desolation
The foundation of your gain?

Then down—each tarnished 'scutcheon!
And down—each blotted fame!
The million paupers dying
Cry shame upon you!—Shame!

Now, hark ye on the highland,
Now, hark ye on the glen:
Remember, that ye struggle
With *measures* not with *men!*

Ye need not crush the mighty,
But take away his might:
We ask no retribution,
We ask but for our right.

And he is not my brother
By whom a wrong is done;
Or visits on another
What he would wish to shun.

Then, hark ye on the highland,
And hark ye in the glen,
Throughout our blessed island
The song of stricken men.

The shipwrecked sailor wending
To a haven of sure rest;
The wounded bird descending
On its lonely forest nest—

They feel no exultation,
On earth, or air, or sea,
Like the gladness of a nation
That has striven—and is free!

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER XII.

He then proceeded briefly to relate how Jean Francois had for some time lived in intimacy with Vasques, who had gradually inoculated him with his own fanaticism, which, fostered by the Marquis Hermonas, had at last engendered this frightful deed. An opportunity had been patiently waited for to enact this Bartholomew's night in miniature. Toussaint had discovered this bloody design scarcely an hour before. "At least," said he, "I have saved you two from death. I could not prevent it, although I was resolved to try it. And when I saw the two authors of the massacre, just as we were quitting the place, I was about to pause, and represent to them the enormity of the act. But what would it have availed? I, and you, and a number of my brethren would only have shared the lot of the victims. I could not save them, but I will avenge them, rely upon that. I will, and now let us speak about the living."

They rode on, and Toussaint listened to all the plans and proposals of his companions without uttering a word.

"I am yours," said he, at last. "I know my friends and my destiny. I am old, God knows whether I shall live to do good, but I intend it. If I am prevented, it will go otherwise. The bad outnumber the good, the foolish the wise. I am a Frenchman, Vincent. I told you once, a black Frenchman. I love liberty, I am a citizen, I desire freedom and equality for my brethren, but there are degrees among freemen. My people respect me, and my white fellow-citizens shall not withhold from me their esteem. You know that I am a Colonel. I will consent to no degradation. I do not despise titles and dignities. Did you not say, M. La Haye, that the General, Citizen La Veaux, will appoint me Brigade General?"

"So I said," replied the Abbé, "and we are directed to promise Citizen General Toussaint Breda every reward which the Republic can bestow upon her faithful sons."

"I desire no reward," exclaimed Toussaint, "I wish to see my brethren free and happy. I would help destroy cruel prejudices. I would forward the cause of virtue upon earth, and I am old, but I know how to be useful, for the sake of my own children, who must be good men and good citizens. I love virtue and greatness of soul. I know, praised be God, the great heroes of antiquity. The great were, in all times, republicans, heroes of freedom and virtue, who devoted their lives to liberty."

"Now by St. Francis!" murmured La Haye to himself, "the rogue has learned his lesson of freedom and virtue by heart, and deserves to be a republican." "These thoughts," he said aloud, "are the thoughts of a true hero, General, and I see laurels and civic crowns on your head."

Vincent seized Toussaint's hand, and said: "It was fortunate—I knew what I was about when I offered to come hither and enter into new negotiations with you, my brother. There, beyond the mountains, runs our line of posts. In a few hours we shall reach it. I tremble with impatience to see you adorned with the colours of freedom." Toussaint was silent a moment, and then remarked: "Do you bring written promises from the General with you?"

"I trust," replied Vincent, "you will rely on my assurances."

"Certainly," said the black. "I know your heart, my friend, and M. La Haye is my old patron, but I know little of General La Veaux, and the hearts of men are fickle."

"General La Veaux," cried Vincent, "is a genuine republican."

"I will deliver in writing to our friend La Haye what I have to say to the General," said Toussaint. "I will make an agreement, and no one shall say that I am distrustful. When our friend shall return with the conditions which I wish to see fulfilled, then I will go, but not alone. I do not mean that Toussaint Breda shall run away with only a few faithful followers. No, all my friends shall go with me, and all shall be happy."

La Haye pointed to the distant mountain-tops.—"There lie the blessed valleys of Dondon," said he. "I have writing materials in my travelling-bag, I know the way, and before the morning dawns, I and my young friend here will be at the Cape."

"No, no, he shall stay with me," cried Toussaint, "I have promised to all our friends to bring him with me. Madame Toussaint loves him, and my children long to see their friend; Aimé and Charles Belair and all. You, too, father, will be heartily welcome. Many of your old penitents will shed tears of joy; even Massa Bertrand, your old friend, who is still performing the most miraculous cures. You must go with us, father, we shall need you perhaps, for Aimé and Belair love each other, and the wedding is no longer to be put off. We shall all meet them at Limbé, there stands the little church still, but at Dondon, all lies in ashes."

And as he spurred on his horse, he cried, in a tone of command, "Follow me, my friends, I have still many arrangements to make before I can send a decisive answer to Citizen La Veaux."

They now proceeded at a rapid pace, and only from time to time did Toussaint appear to awake out of his reverie, in order to chat with his companions.—He spoke of life in the Mornes, of the war, of the Spaniards and their plans, and the future, with admirable in sight, manifesting, but without arrogance, a consciousness of his own worth. Vincent had to concede that without his and the negroes' help, the Island must soon be forever lost to France, and when Toussaint said with prophetic conviction, that from the moment he should take part with the French, the colony would be saved, Vincent could not resist the truth. "I will drive them away, they are nothing: dust, a cloud!" said Toussaint. "These English will soon enough lose what treachery has gained for them, and the Spaniards are no invincible foes." He then broke off from political topics and talked of his children, and then, as the negro army appeared in the distance, encamped in a large semicircle, he spoke with the Abbé of the possibility of rooting out the remains of Fetischism among the negroes and converting them to Christianity.

"I know very well that these Obis," said he, "are deceivers, but I could not agree with the Marquis Hermonas and the Monks, who wished to use violence. Persecution makes strong. When my poor people once have schools for their children, then the dark night will disappear."

"You wish to improve men," replied La Haye, "but the way you propose is too slow. If you would be more speedy, just give out that whoever will become a good Christian, and kill an Obi, shall all his life long be relieved from work, and the heathen Priests will all be exterminated in a day."

"The son of the hot land," said Toussaint, gravely, "is lazy, and the slave cannot forget the whip that forced him to work. Only by education can his nature be changed. Look round here. As far as the eye reaches, you see the fields tilled, and if you say that these run-away slaves had to till the ground to save themselves from starvation, and their leaders forced them to work by severity, you must not forget that these sensible leaders were also negroes. When my people once learn to know the world, and engage in trade, it will no longer be necessary to force them to work."

Their way now led through the works which the blacks had thrown up around their camp. Vincent saw that while the old poverty still reigned among these savage hordes, their intercourse with the Spaniards, and the continuance of the war, had given them a touch of civilization. A degree of discipline had been introduced, which with merciless severity inflicted instant death on the disobedient.—And as the tattered groups, good-naturedly greeted the white men, one would scarcely have supposed that it needed only a moment to destroy every trace of this artificial order, and that a hint from their leaders would suffice to rouse in them all the Tiger again. The unfortunate of Port Dauphin had that day learned how unwise it was to trust to promises, which gave them into the power of these hordes and their fanatical leaders.

Farther on, other bands were busy at drill. Toussaint related with visible satisfaction how he had invented a new mode of fighting, adapted to the character of his people and their country, which was to let a large mass of combatants rush onwards, each man fighting separately, and all rushing onward like a cloud, apparently in entire disorder, but quickly forming again into a solid column. Eloquently as the black chief described the new device, Vincent could not but smile at the illustration of it that passed before his eyes. A swarm of negroes formed, it was, true a dusky cloud, which, with frightful yells, threw itself on an imaginary foe, but no signal availed to curb their once excited passions; instead of heeding any sign, they fell in all earnestness upon an opposite troop, who returned the assault with no less vigour. Many tragi-comic scenes were presented, and Vincent, half amused, and half shocked, saw how the officers got mixed up in the strife which, as there was no powder in the case and no bayonets, was not very bloody. Unable otherwise to restore order, the leaders laid lustily about them. Suddenly a superior officer on horseback dashed into the melée. Vincent recognized instantly the cruel Dessalines, and so great was his authority that order was very soon restored. Vincent heard the voice of the ugly negro, like the roar of a wild beast, rolling over the field. He saw him plunge into the thickest of the crowd, drag out a fellow by the hair, who one moment lay bound upon the earth, and was the next swinging from the branch of a tree. He struck several officers in the face, rode down others, and as if by magic restored perfect order.

All this passed so rapidly, that the travellers saw it all from beginning to end. Toussaint looked calmly on, and at last pointed to Dassalines and said: "There is the man to produce order and to maintain it."

"A wild beast," murmured Vincent.

"Does one use lambs to hunt wolves?" asked Toussaint. "This man is a necessary evil. He is a head among so many beings without heads, a man of strong understanding and sullen temper, a brave General, and my faithful friend. I can never do without him."

Limbé now lay close before them. Toussaint dismounted, and the others followed his example. The worthy Priest stumbled a dozen times over the sword, which hung at his side, and expressed a wish to slip, as soon as possible, into his Planter's dress again.

"You will soon have an opportunity of putting off your disguise," replied Toussaint. This first house here is my head-quarters, and the residence of my family. Look, there in that Jasmine arbour the women are seated. Go, my friend," said he to Vincent, "go and surprise those who have longed for this moment."

He remained at a short distance with the Abbé, whom he kept back. But Vincent stepped softly towards the arbour, and looked through the branches. The last beams of the setting sun fell upon two youthful forms, sitting together, and engaged in some delicate work of the fine fibre of the Banana. They were silent, and Vincent watched them undisturbed. The head of one was hidden by a veil worn for protection from musquitoes, while the other, taller and more muscular, Vincent instantly recognized as Aimé. She suddenly caught sight of him, but suppressing every sign of surprise, beckoned to him to enter the arbour. He accepted the invitation. The other female turned towards him as he entered, and instantly with a shriek, dropped her work, and extending her hands, fell back into his arms, clinging to him with tears and sobs, as if e feared again to lose him.

"Helen!" cried Reginald, "can it be! it is it is! Again I hold you in my arms. O, God, it is too much!"

She leaned upon his breast, and could only cry:—"No separation, Reginald, no separation; I could not bear it."

Aimè bowed herself over them, and said with tears: "Hard white Massa, once more you receive her from Aimè. Love her, love her, as man loves the sun. The great God bless you, Aimè weeps and laughs. She is happy with her friends."

She left them alone, and no one disturbed their busy talk. Helen had much to tell. It appeared that she had been borne off from the burning city by Jumecourt, who took her, bleeding from a wound she had received, before him on his horse, and sought with Charmilly and some others, to escape into the Mornes. Their flight was obstructed by a band of negroes. The whites fought with the greatest bravery. Jumecourt's horse was shot under him, and Jumecourt found himself, with Helen lying lifeless at his feet, engaged in a fierce fight. He was forced to retreat. How long she lay insensible, she knew not. When she opened her eyes, she saw at her side a face that awoke in her the most terrible recollections. It was the same young negro who seized her as his booty at the Plantation Breda, Moses, the nephew of Toussaint. Only the more repulsive by the loss of an eye, he was bending earnestly over her. She stretched her hands imploringly towards him, but one arm fell powerless; her shoulder was severely injured by her fall, and in a gentle tone, Moses begged her to be quiet. He spoke of his uncle, of Aimé, of his friends. A litter was soon made. She was carried carefully towards the mountains, and soon reached Rosas, where Master Bertrand took charge of her. By his skill, and especially by the tender attentions of the wife of Toussaint and Aimé, she soon recovered perfectly. The war soon made it necessary to be nearer the coast and when Limbé, Dondon, and Marmelade, were conquered, they all followed the orders of Toussaint, whose plans required that his family should be all together. "They all love me," said Helen. "Yes, Reginald, everywhere in God's earth, there are angels and good men. How truly pious, how good and gentle, is this old woman, who daily prays for peace and happiness for all, how true-hearted is Aimé, and how artless and good are Toussaint's nieces."

"And Moses," said Vincent, smiling, "he too loves you."

"Poor Moses," replied she. "He has a large, warm heart, too fiery, perhaps, even for a black.—But, my dear, beloved Reginald, do not leave me again. Oh! let everything else be taken from me, but not thou, thou art my world."

He held the lovely maiden in his arms. Around him, nature and night were displaying all their charms. He remembered that Toussaint would not allow the Priest of Dondon to depart. He had told the Abbé that Aimé and Belair would need his offices, and in saying so, Toussaint had looked, as Vincent now recollected, significantly at him. Now he understood it all, and imprinting a passionate kiss on Helen's lips, he exclaimed: "No separation! an eternal, sacred bond we will celebrate. To-morrow, there upon the eminence, where the cross of the old tower rises, and seems to beckon us, there shalt thou become mine, mine forever!"

CHAPTER XIV.

In a wild rocky boscage had Jacob Dessalines caused his hut to be erected, and around him were encamped the negro troops under his command.—It was one of the peculiarities of this man, that he could bear no one near him. A couch of coarse straw, a rude table, a few wooden stools, and other necessary articles of furniture, made up the contents of his dwelling. The proprietor was walking quickly up and down in the principal apartment, lost in thought. At last a savage smile distorted his features, his eyes flashed, as he muttered, "Jacob Dessalines, the time will come, did he not say so? Be true to him, when all forsake him, and thou wilt be the sacred fire that consumes him. Said he not so, the Priest?"

He stood leaning with his clenched fists on the table, gazing into the flame of the light, which was the only object of luxury in his mean hut, a silver double-lighted candlestick, a present from the Marquis Hermonas. "If I chose," he continued, "I might deliver the traitor to his enemies. Jean Francois and these Spaniards, how would they commend me! There he sits, with the two Frenchmen, to whom he is selling himself. I could crush them all." Then he took out his snuff-box, opened it, and tried its contents. "It is rather dry," said he, "than damp, the tobacco. Hiagin, I thank you for your oracle. I will obey thee. Come forth, Priest, I will listen to thee."

"The mat, by which the hut was parted off, was now raised, and the Obi, whom the reader will recognize, entered. His body seemed more shrivelled than ever, and this fearful being, painted and veiled, appalled even the cruel Dessalines.

"Have you once more questioned your magi?" inquired the latter.

"I have done thy will, Jacob Dessalines," replied the Priest.

"And what say the signs?" cried the other.

"I called the spirits," murmured the Obi, in a voice scarcely audible, "the black and the white, and they all appeared. Follow, Jacob Dessalines, obey, and thou wilt conquer all thy foes, thou wilt wear a crown, and be King. Follow the man who calls himself Toussaint Breda, be true to him, he will make thy name great, till thou art greater and happier than he."

The voice of the sentinel was heard at this moment without, and at a hint the Obi vanished.—"He comes," whispered Dessalines, "he shall find a faithful servant."

The door opened, and Toussaint entered. Without speaking, he took a seat and pointed Dessalines to another. "It is late," said Toussaint, "my brother, we alone watch. My mind is full of great plans, I come to say to thee, it is time to take another path."

"I know it," replied Dessalines.

Toussaint looked searchingly at him, and then continued: "General de la Veaux has promised me that all our brothers shall be free, that there shall be a black army still, and we keep our present rank. Art thou satisfied, brother?"

"I am thy arm," said Dessalines. "I have no will but thine."

"Has Hiagin questioned his gods?" said Toussaint. Dessalines cast on him a look full of astonishment and fear.

"I know," continued Toussaint, calmly, "that thou hast the Obi here concealed, and that thou believest in him."

"The future is dark," said Dessalines.

"I blame thee not," added Toussaint, "I am a Christian. I trust the teaching of the Holy Book, in which lies all wisdom, but I hate the persecution of these Priests of our motherland."

"And do you not believe," said Dessalines, "that they know what is to happen?"

Toussaint paused awhile. At last he said, "Raise the mat. He stands there and listens, let him enter."

Dessalines obeyed his bidding, and the Obi appeared, with his two white rods extended towards Toussaint. "What wilt thou know, son of Gain-Ginou," said he, scornfully, "thou who callest thyself a true Christian, thou who bowest down before a piece of wood? What dost thou wish of the servant of the great Fetisch, in whom thou dost not believe?"

"Thou hast been persecuted, Hiagin. I am grieved for it."

The indomitable Obi replied, proudly, "I fear them not, the bloody white Priests. Their God, they say, is a God of love, and they have slain for him this day thousands down there by the sea, but me they will never slay. I fear them not, my heart rejoices at the sight of thee, for I know well that thou art thinking of the hour when they will curse thee. That hour is nigh."

Toussaint offered no interruption, and the Obi continued: "Go thou descendent of Kings, and kiss the feet of the Christian's God, and ask the wise men, if they can tell thee what the gods have decreed."

Toussaint had folded his arms, and sat in deep thought. The Obi ceased to speak, and stood motionless, and Dessalines stirred not. The stillness of the night was deep, and the three remained lost each in his own thoughts.

After a long pause, Toussaint rose quickly, "Hear me, Hiagin," said he, "In the name of thy God, in the name of the great Festich of Waddah, I command thee to tell me what will be the issue of my undertaking."

"Wilt thou believe me?" asked the Obi, "wilt thou bring an offering to the great Festich?"

The superstition, which often besets even extraordinary men, struggled in Toussaint's breast with the clear consciousness of a higher insight. His understanding told him how foolish it was to expect a glimpse of futurity from a miserable juggler, and yet the future was dark, and the hazard of the die he was about to cast, was fitted to weaken and becloud the boldest heart with doubts. "I would know," exclaimed the black chief, "speak, and hesitate not."

And so great was the authority, which in him lay, that even Hiagin, hostile as he was, submitted. He measured Toussaint with a gloomy look, and after a pause, exclaimed: "Son of Gain-Ginou, thou wilt be great, and reign. That, all signs declare; but Fate will overtake thee, because thou trusteth more to the whites, and their lying arts, than to thy brethren. Take care, Toussaint Breda, the day will come when thou wilt curse the hour which made thee great. Thy haughty soul will be thy destruction."

A contemptuous smile was Toussaint's answer. "Thou," said he, turning to Dessalines, "thou art with me, of thy fidelity and devotion, I am sure.—What care I for this Obi's sorcery. It is mere juggery, which the strong man needs not."

"And yet," said Hiagin, sullenly, "thou wouldst know what the spirits say, and now thou knowest, thou callest it bad. Nevertheless, thou wilt act accordingly. Thou wilt descend into the Plain, and fight against thy old friends, thou wilt deceive all who trust thee. Son of Gain-Ginou, beware! beware! thou too wilt be deserted."

Toussaint whispered a few words to Dessalines, and left the hut. He heard the laughter of the Priest, and his shrill voice behind him, foretelling his ruin. With anxious mind he went through the camp to the tents where slept the troops of the tribe of Arradas. He spoke to several, to whom he gave commissions, and in a few minutes these messengers vanished in the night. At last, he turned to his own dwelling, but not to rest. He arranged papers, prepared lists, and then sate thinking over the next day, whose dawn found him sunk in profound sleep.

When he opened his eyes, Vincent and Helen stood before him, for late the evening before it had been determined that early in the morning they should go to the small church where La Haye, at the half dilapidated altar, should forever unite their hands. At the same time, Aimé and Charles Belair entered, and now they all came to ask of Toussaint his favour and blessing.

Toussaint was deeply moved. A white man of high birth, a young lady of the proudest Creole connections asked the blessing of an old slave, who for fifty years had worn the badge of servitude. And there, too, was a black youthful pair, a beautiful, unschooled African woman, and a young warrior, brave and intelligent, the pride of his uncle's heart. He gave them his blessing with paternal ardour, seizing Vincent's hand, and whispering to him: "I feel myself honoured, I thank thee in the name of my brethren."

Now came also his own children, and his wife, and his brothers, and his neices. They all formed quite a company, which, with the worthy Abbé at their head, proceeded to the old ruined church, which, as they approached it, they found surrounded by a guard, set there by Toussaint to prevent interruption. They entered the little edifice just as the first beam of day broke through the small and shattered window.

The Priest took his place at the altar, and bade the parties approach, but Vincent threw his arm around Helen, and looking up to the picture of the Virgin, exclaimed: "Here it was that once on a terrible night, I lay on these steps, wounded, weary, and in anguish, and thought on thee! Outside, I heard the voice of murder, and I prepared myself to die, and then fell asleep. When I awoke, it was day. The first beam of the sun broke in, as now; as it does now, it fell upon the Holy Mother. She smiled upon me, and a voice cried in my heart: 'Hope, trust; I will make thee happy, thou wilt, through a thousand struggles, yet obtain what thou hast faithfully sought!' Then I knew I should not die, and here am I now united to thee at this little altar. Thanks, Holy Virgin, thou hast graciously protected me, O, protect her also, to whom I now give myself wholly and forever."

Helen, sobbing, threw her arm around him. The red morning grew brighter on the sacred picture. The Holy Mother seemed to smile, and the Priest, after a short address, united their hands. When the ceremony was over, the bride fell speechless on her husband's breast. Come what might now, there was the blessed thought that he was wholly hers. The emotion of Amié and Belair showed itself in other ways. The negro bride kissed her laughing lover, and made him promise that she should attend him on all his expeditions, and share all his dangers.

At this moment, a loud talking was heard at the door. All turned towards the entrance, and Moses entered in violent excitement. It was apparent that he had just returned from a skirmish with the enemy. His uniform, as chief of a battalion, was covered with dust. He strode up to Helen, and when he saw Vincent, he remained standing, staring at him with a look almost of horror. He stretched out his hand and pointed to Helen. "Is it so," he gasped, "he is come to take thee away, and thou—thou!"

"My dear Moses," said Helen, imploringly, "my deliverer! my friend, it is true Vincent has come to express to you his eternal gratitude."

The young black clenched his hand convulsively. "Gratitude," said he. "When was a white man grateful!" O, Moses was a fool! Laugh, Madame, yes, laugh!" And he himself broke out into a wild burst of laughter that echoed through the church.

"Moses," said Toussaint, shaking him by the arm, "hear me, I have something to say to thee."

"But I have nothing to say to thee, Uncle," cried Moses, "not now," and he tore himself away from Toussaint's grasp and looked with undisguised hatred at his cool-blooded relative. "O! I know, thou art wise, and hast a thousand lessons, lessons of reason as they are called. But a curse upon all thy plans and magic arts by which you force men to go your way. You brought this white man here. I am your nephew, but you are like the cayman, that devours its own brood. You love men only as they serve you. No, I will not hear you. Uncle, go your way, Moses will find his."

"But you shall hear me, hear me now, thoughtless boy," said Toussaint, motioning to the others to retire, while he detained his nephew, and compelled him to sit down by him at the altar. An hour passed before they quitted the church. And then the sun was mounting above the hilltops. Moses was gloomy, Toussaint calm. "Do you not see now, my son," said he, "that your foolish violence will bring you into trouble—that that which you call love for this white woman, is nothing but the rude passion of a slave, unworthy of a proud, free man? I have shown thee the future, my son, it lies bright before me. You know that I see much that is hidden from others. The day is not far distant when you too will be great, when your brethren will look upon you as a young hero, the glory of his people. And if I am taken away, Moses, before my work is done, who would take my place? My children are boys. But you are a man, strong and brave. You stand before me, a noble young tree, but alas! not pliant enough to endure all storms. Bend, my boy, bend your proud heart. Learn to see that man advances only by patience, that the power of endurance, as well as bravery, must belong to every true man, if by his greater wisdom he would put to shame all the blows of Fate, all the malice of men. I have bowed my head before men that I felt were far beneath me. I have watched the seeds of patience, and seen them grow, and now the day is at hand when I shall pluck the fruit."

"And why do you tell me all this?" said Moses. "You know that I hate the whites, and shall hate them forever."

"Young man," cried Toussaint, "you must learn to love them. Silly boy, not this white maiden, with her pale face, who cannot return thy passion, shouldst thou love, but the great race, from whom we are to learn, and who require of us, that we extort from them their respect. We must raise our brethren. We must lead them to freedom and civilization."

"I shall never learn out of your books," said Moses, sullenly." I have received, God knows, sense enough to distinguish good from evil. We do not need these whites, their civilization is a yoke which makes life a toil. Separate from these Spaniards, I despise them. They flatter us because they need us. Join the French. We will drive away these English and the false yellow Rigaud, and then, away with all the whites,—the free black does not need them. If this is your plan, Moses will be your servant. But why do I talk of such dreams? My heart can never be healed,—it cannot forget."

"You will forget the love of a woman for the love of your people," said Toussaint. "Look down there. Eighty thousand warriors lie encamped in these valleys, and few are there who do not speak my name with reverence. My eye is to them the eye of God. My voice makes them laugh and weep. This love, Moses. I would bequeath to thee. I would have thee a retreat for thy brethren and thou hast made a good beginning, the young men are proud of your deeds. Be faithful, my son, be obedient and command yourself. You will then be great and happy, and the nephew of Toussaint Breda shall choose from among the highest."

He then went rapidly some steps down the hill and looking into the distance. "There they go," said he "Jean Frangois and the Marquis with their attendants. They go across the mountains, to Marmelade, but I will be there before them. Go Moses, and tell the 800 men under your command to hold themselves ready to march this very night perhaps. But no more, on your life! no more."

He hastened away Moses clenched his hand and ground his teeth. Go, old magician," said he, "I will be the hero of my people, their leader and friend. Go, my old uncle, Moses will never humble himself to be your slave, like Charles Belair, or the cruel Dessalines. Love the whites, I will never cease to hate them, and now, aye, by the sacred blood of the gracious Virgin, how I hate them all, all! now more than ever!

(To be continued.)

ELIZABETH FRY.

A Memoir of this distinguished women has been prepared by two of her daughters, which the London Examiner thus notices:—

It is well and justly said by Mrs. Fry's daughters, that the development of her unselfish character, the expansiveness of her charity, and the unwearied action of her benevolence, rose far above the sectarian and peculiar tenets of her belief. We will say, further, that this has been in all times the leading and honourable distinction of the persuasion she belonged to. It began with George Fox; and since his schools for boys and girls, "to instruct them in whatsoever things were civil and useful in the creation," there has been no great social work, no cause in any way affecting the larger interests of humanity, which has not had its active, zealous, and foremost advocates among the Society of Friends.

Mrs. Fry's maiden name was Gurney. Her family have distinguished themselves in connection with their native city of Norwich. But her father was not a strict member of the family sect. He was very far indeed from a plain Quaker. He was social in his tastes and habits, had a touch of freedom in his opinions, and though he never left the Society, seems to have passed his time with people who were not members of it. His wife was more strict, but died in her daughter's childhood; though not before this daughter had given evidence of a singularly conscientious disposition in one so young, of remarkable talents, and of what seemed to be the longing for a more earnest religious faith than that in which she had been brought up:—

"I like to think of everything, to look at mankind; I love to 'look through nature up to nature's God.' I have no more religion than that, and in the little I have, I am not the least devotional, but when I admire the beauties of nature I cannot help thinking of the source from whence such beauties flow. I feel it a support: I believe firmly that all is guided for the best by an invisible power, therefore I do not fear the evils of life so much. I love to feel good—I do what I can to be kind to every body. I have many faults which I hope in time to overcome."

That is from a journal written when she was sixteen. Many extracts are given from it, which seem to us truthful, native, and charming in the extreme. Her seventeenth birthday is thus recorded:—

"*Monday*, 21st.—I am seventeen to-day. Am I a happier or a better creature than I was this time twelvemonths? I know I am happier, I think I am better. I hope I shall be much better this day year than I am now. I hope to be an altered person, to have more knowledge, to have my mind in greater order; and my heart too, that wants to be put in order as much, if not more, than any part of me, it is in such a fly-away state; but I think if ever it was settled on one object, it would never, no never, fly away any more; it would rest quietly on the heart that was open to receive it, it will then be most constant; it is not my fault it now flies away, it is owing to circumstances."

Her heart seems to have "flown away" to very harmless and pardonable little vanities, such, among others, as a love of seeing great and grand folk. But we discover, even in this childish record, the woman who afterwards so nobly devoted herself to the good of her fellow creatures. See, how she lays down a map of duty, even while she fancies she has lost her own way:—

"We should first look to ourselves, and try to make ourselves virtuous, and then pleasing. Those who are virtuous not only do themselves good, but add to the good of all. All have a portion entrusted to them of the general good, and those who cherish and preserve it are blessings to society at large; and those who do not, become a curse. It is wonderfully ordered, how in acting for our own good, we promote the good of others. My idea of religion is, not for it to unfit us for the duties of life, like a nun, who leaves them for prayer and thanksgiving; but I think it should stimulate and capacitate us to perform those duties properly. Seeing my father low this evening, I have done all I can to make him comfortable. I feel it one of my first duties. I hope he will always find in me a most true friend and daughter."

A better "idea of religion" it would be difficult indeed to suggest, though, with the strong sense she seems to have had of a void in her mind in this respect, it was well that something came to fill it. This something was the preaching of an American, William Savery, who had come over on a Quaker mission to this country. But while the first impressions of devotion it produced still haunted and impressed her, her father resolved that she should visit London. He seems to have wished that she should see the entire world before she rejected any part of it. To London accordingly she went, and her journal contains curious mention of the visitings and gayeties she took part in. She painted a little; loved the great folk still; adored his Royal Highness the Prince; liked Mrs. Inchbald vastly; and made merry with Peter Pindar!

"26th.—This morning I went to Amelia Opie's and had a pleasant time. I called on Mrs. Siddons, who was not at home: then on Dr. Batty, then on Mrs. Twiss, who gave me some paint for the evening. I was painted a little, I had my hair dressed, and did look pretty for me. Mr. Opie, Amelia, and I went to the Opera concert. I own I do love grand company. The Prince of Wales was there; and I must say I felt more pleasure in looking at him than in seeing the rest of the company, or hearing the music. I did nothing but admire his Royal Highness, but I had a very pleasant evening indeed.

"27th.—I called with Mrs. H——, and Amelia, on Mrs. Inchbald. I like her vastly, she seems so clever and so interesting. I then went to Hampstead and staid at our cousin Hoare's until the 12th of April. I returned to Clapham. My uncle Barclay, with great begging, took us to the Opera.—The house is dazzling, the company animating, the music hardly at all so, the dancing delightful.—H—— came in in the middle of the Opera; I was charmed to see him; I was most merry; I just saw the Prince of Wales. Tuesday—My dearest father came to London, we dined at the——, and went to a rout in the evening. Friday—I had a pleasant, merry day with Peter Pindar (Dr. Walcot). Monday—I went with my father and the Barclays to Sir George Staunton's."

But the effort as gayety leaves her more inclined than ever to the plain preaching and strict observances of Wm. Savery. She finds she does not like plays; she likes meetings better; she likes them better than even Royal Highnesses; and has, in short, a call which she feels she must obey. She announces to her friends that she must *thee and thou* them in future, and become in all respects (but her pretty face) a plain Quaker. Very amusing is her own confession of the little shames and difficulties see had then to encounter and overthrow:—

"Coventry, 6th—I rose in good time to write to Priscilla Gurney, and felt in a state of darkness and discouragement about my language, but I am happy to say my mind again feels clear. I dare not draw back; I hope to continue in the habit with spirit, and if by yesterday week I have kept up to it, and then feel discouraged, I may give it up. I felt saying thee very difficult to-day to Mrs——, but I perceived it was far more so after I sang to them. I altogether got on pretty well, but doubt came into my mind this morning, yet were I not to persevere I should, I believe, feel unhappy in it. How shall I say thee to H——, in Norwich? It will, I think, make me lose all my dissipation of character, and be a guard upon my tongue.

"Earlham, 9th—My father, Kitty, and myself set out early this morning for Newmarket. When I was there I saw Henry B——; my sensation was odd when I saw him, for I took to my heels and ran away. I thought I could not get courage to address him in the plain language, but after I collected myself, I did it without much difficulty. How easy it has been made to me! By what nice degrees I have entered it; but I believe the hardest part is to come; I have felt the advantage of it, though at times in a dark and discouraging state. It makes me think before I speak, and avoid saying much, and also avoid the spirit of gayety and flirting."

Yet the metamorphosis took some time. She danced, and she rode on horseback, and she wore scarlet habits, even after she had thoroughly mastered the thee and the thou.

We have no exact knowledge of the time when the scarlet riding-habit was abandoned; nor is it easy to ascertain by what gradation she became a Friend in outward appearance. She was slow in adopting the costume; she first laid aside all ornament, then she chose quiet and inconspicuous colours, and had her dresses made with perfect simplicity. As late as the spring of 1799, an eye-witness describes her in a plain slate-coloured silk dress; but a black lace veil twisted in the turban fashion of the day, with her long blonde hair, the ends hanging on one side.

We pass without comment a considerable interval, in which the revelations of her journal, though still most interesting for their development of an earnest, truthful, and original character, chiefly concern the interests of her sect, and her own striking participation in the duties of its ministry. When our extracts recommence, she is a happy wife and mother, has passed her thirty-second year, and has been taken accidentally to visit Newgate. The state of that prison, and the results of the visit, are thus described by her daughters:

"At that time all the female prisoners in Newgate were confined in that part now known as the untried side. The larger portion of the Quadrangle was then used as a State prison. The partition wall was not of sufficient height to prevent the State prisoners from overlooking the narrow yard, and the windows of the two wards and the two cells, of which the women's division consisted; these four rooms comprised about one hundred and ninety superficial yards, into which at the time of these visits nearly three hundred women, with their numerous children were crowded; tried and untried, misdemeanants and felons; without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and by day. Destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision; in rags and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same rooms they lived, cooked, and washed.

"With the proceeds of their clamorous begging, when any stranger appeared amongst them, the prisoners purchased liquors from a regular tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language.—Beyond that necessary for safe custody, there was little restraint over their communication with the world without.

"Although military sentinels were posted on the leads of the prison, such was the lawlessness prevailing, that Mr. Newman, the governor, entered this portion of it with reluctance. Fearing that their watches should be snatched from their sides, he advised the ladies (though without avail) to leave them in his house.

"Into this scene Mrs. Fry entered, accompanied by only one lady, a sister of Sir T. F. Buxton. The sorrowful and neglected condition of these depraved women, and their miserable children, dwelling in such a vortex of corruption, deeply sank into her heart, although at this time nothing more was done than to supply the most destitute with clothes. A vivid recollection of the green baize garments, and the pleasure of assisting in their preparation for this purpose, is still retained in her family. She carried back to her home, and into the midst of other interests and avocations, a lively remembrance of all she had witnessed in Newgate; which within four years induced that systematic effort for ameliorating the condition of these poor outcasts, so signally blest by him who said—'That joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.'"

We need not dwell on the slow but gradual and certain progress to good which this "systematic progress" led to. Observe the scenes, in those days of familiar occurrence, in the midst of which she laboured. No such heart-rending tasks as these awaited even the good Doctor Primrose!

"I have just returned from a most melancholy visit to Newgate, where I have been at the request of Elizabeth Fricker, previous to her execution to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. I found her much hurried, distressed, and tormented in mind. Her hands cold, and covered with something like the perspiration preceding death, and in an unusual tremor. The women who were with her said she had been so outrageous before our going, that they thought a man must be sent for to manage her.—However, after a serious time with her, her troubled soul became calmed. But is it for man thus to take the prerogative of the Almighty into his own hands? Is it not his place rather to endeavour to reform such, or restrain them from the commission of further evil? At least to afford poor erring fellow mortals, whatever may be their offences, an opportunity of proving their repentance by amendment of life.

"Besides this poor young woman, there are also six men to be hanged, one of whom has a wife near her confinement, also condemned, and seven young children. Since the awful report came down, he has become quite mad from horror of mind. A straight waistcoat could not keep him within bounds, he had just bitten the turnkey, I saw the man come out with his hand bleeding, as I passed the cell. I hear that another, who had been tolerably educated and brought up, was doing all he could to harden himself through unbelief, trying to convince himself that religious truths were idle tales. In this endeavour he appeared to have been too successful with several of his fellow-sufferers. He sent to beg for a bottle of wine, no doubt in the hope of drowning his misery, and the fears that would arise, by a degree of intoxication. I inquired no farther, I had seen and heard enough."

The poor woman was hanged on the following day. Her alleged crime was participation in a robbery, and soon after her death the following statement was published by a person in authority. The knowledge of the strong probabilities of the woman's innocence had not availed to procure her a reprieve!

"A man by the name of Kelly, who was executed some weeks back for robbing a house, counteracted by his conversation, and by the jest he made of all religious feelings, the labour of Dr. Cotton to produce repentance and remorse among the prisoners in the cells; and he died as he lived, hardened and unrepenting. He sent to me the day before his execution, and when I saw him, he maintained the innocence of the woman convicted, with asserting, that not Fricker, but a boy concealed, opened the door and let him into the house. When I pressed him to tell me the name of the parties concerned, whereby to save the woman's life, he declined complying without a promise of pardon; I urged as strongly as I could the crime of suffering an innocent woman to be executed to screen criminal accomplices; but it was all to no effect, and he suffered, maintaining to the last the same story. With him was executed a boy nineteen or twenty years of age, whose fears and remorse Kelly was constantly ridiculing."

Another similar case recorded in Mrs. Fry's journals is even more affecting